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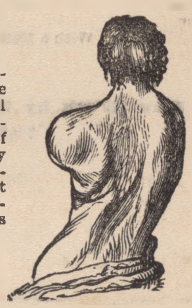

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CHAPTER LXI.

IN WHICH TWO LIGHTS ARE PUT OUT.

HERE came a day when the round of decorous pleasures and solemn gaieties in which Mr. Jos Sedley's family indulged, was interrupted by an event which happens in most houses. As you ascend the staircase of your house from the drawing towards the bed-room floors, you may have remarked a little arch in the wall right before you, which at once gives light to the stair which leads from the second story to the third (where the nursery and servants' chambers commonly are) and serves for another purpose of utility, of which the undertaker's men can give you a notion. They rest the coffins upon that arch, or pass them through it so as not to disturb in any unseemly manner the cold tenant slumbering within the black arch.

That second-floor arch in a London house, looking up and down the well of the staircase, and commanding the main thoroughfare by which the inhabitants are passing; by which cook lurks down before daylight to scour her pots and pans in the kitchen; by which young master stealthily

ascends, having left his boots in the hall, and let himself in after dawn from a jolly night at the Club; down which miss comes rustling in fresh ribbons and spreading muslins, brilliant and beautiful, and prepared for conquest and the ball; or master Tommy slides, preferring the bannisters for a mode of conveyance, and disdaining danger and the stair; down which the mother is fondly carried smiling in her strong husband's arms, as he steps steadily step by step, and followed by the monthly nurse, on the day when the medical man has pronounced that the charming patient may go down stairs; up which John lurks to bed, yawning with a sputtering tallow candle, and to gather up before sunrise the boots which are awaiting him in the passages;—that stair, up or down which babies are carried, old people are helped, guests are marshalled to the ball, the parson walks to the christening, the doctor to the sick room, and the undertaker's men to the upper floor—what a memento of Life, Death, and Vanity it is—that arch and stair—if you choose to consider it, and sit on the landing, looking up and down the well! The doctor will come up to us too for the last time there, my friend in motley. The nurse will look in at the curtains, and you take no notice—and then she will fling open the windows for a little, and let in the air. Then they will pull down all the front blinds of the house and live in the back rooms—then they will send for the lawyer and other men in black, &c.—Your comedy and mine will have been played then, and we shall be removed, O how far, from the trumpets, and the shouting, and the posture-making. If we are gentlefolks they will put hatchments over our late domicile, with gilt cherubim, and mottoes stating that there is "Quiet in Heaven." Your son will new furnish the house, or perhaps let it, and go into a more modern quarter; your name will be among the "Members Deceased," in the lists of your clubs next year. However much you may be mourned, your widow will like to have her weeds neatly made—the cook will send or come up to ask about dinner—the survivors will soon bear to look at your picture over the mantel-piece, which will presently be deposed from the place of honour, to make way for the portrait of the son who reigns.

Which of the dead are most tenderly and passionately deplored? Those who love the survivors the least, I believe. The death of a child occasions a passion of grief and frantic tears, such as your end, brother reader, will never inspire. The death of an infant which scarce knew you, which a week's absence from you would have caused to forget you, will strike you down more than the loss of your closest friend, or your first-born son—a man grown like yourself, with children of his own. We may be harsh and stern with Judah and Simeon—our love and pity gushes out for Benjamin, the little one. And if you are old, as some reader of this may be or shall be—old and rich, or old and poor—you may one day be thinking for yourself—"These people are very good round about me; but they won't grieve too much when I am gone. I am very rich, and they want my inheritance—or very poor, and they are tired of supporting me."

The period of mourning for Mrs. Sedley's death was only just concluded, and Jos scarcely had had time to cast off his black and appear in the splendid

waistcoats which he loved, when it became evident to those about Mr. Sedley, that another event was at hand, and that the old man was about to go seek for his wife in the dark land whither she had preceded him. "The state of my father's health," Jos Sedley solemnly remarked at the Club, "prevents me from giving my *large* parties this season: but if you will come in quietly at half-past six, Chutney, my boy, and take a homely dinner with one or two of the old set—I shall be always glad to see you?" So Jos and his acquaintances dined and drank their claret among themselves in silence; whilst the sands of life were running out in the old man's glass up stairs. The velvet-footed butler brought them their wine; and they composed themselves to a rubber after dinner: at which Major Dobbin would sometimes come and take a hand: and Mrs. Osborne would occasionally descend, when her patient above was settled for the night, and had commenced one of those lightly troubled slumbers which visit the pillow of old age.

The old man clung to his daughter during this sickness. He would take his broths and medicines from scarcely any other hand. To tend him became almost the sole business of her life. Her bed was placed close by the door which opened into his chamber, and she was alive at the slightest noise or disturbance from the couch of the querulous invalid. Though, to do him justice, he lay awake many an hour, silent and without stirring, unwilling to awaken his kind and vigilant nurse.

He loved his daughter with more fondness now, perhaps, than ever he had done since the days of her childhood. In the discharge of gentle offices and kind filial duties, this simple creature shone most especially. "She walks into the room as silently as a sunbeam," Mr. Dobbin thought, as he saw her passing in and out from her father's room: a cheerful sweetness lighting up her face as she moved to and fro, graceful and noiseless. When women are brooding over their children, or busied in a sick room, who has not seen in their faces those sweet angelic beams of love and pity?

A secret feud of some years standing was thus healed: and with a tacit reconciliation. In these last hours and touched by her love and goodness, the old man forgot all his grief against her, and wrongs which he and his wife had many a long night debated: how she had given up everything for her boy: how she was careless of her parents in their old age and misfortune, and only thought of the child: how absurdly and foolishly, impiously indeed, she took on, when George was removed from her. Old Sedley forgot these charges as he was making up his last account, and did justice to the gentle and uncomplaining little martyr. One night when she stole into his room, she found him awake, when the broken old man made his confession. "O, Emmy, I've been thinking we were very unkind and unjust to you," he said, and put out his cold and feeble hand to her. She knelt down and prayed by his bedside, as he did too, having still hold of her hand. When our turn comes, friend, may we have such company in our prayers.

Perhaps as he was lying awake then, his life may have passed before him—his early hopeful struggles, his manly successes and prosperity, his downfal in his declining years, and his present helpless condition—no

chance of revenge against Fortune, which had had the better of him—neither name nor money to bequeath—a spent-out, bootless life of defeat

and disappointment, and the end here! Which, I wonder, brother reader, is the better lot, to die prosperous and famous, or poor and disappointed? To have, and to be forced to yield; or to sink out of life, having played and lost the game? That must be a strange feeling, when a day of our life comes and we say, "*To-morrow*, success or failure won't matter much: and the sun will rise, and all the myriads of mankind go to their work or their pleasure as usual, but I shall be out of the turmoil."

So there came one morning and sunrise, when all the world got up and set about its various works and pleasures, with the exception of Old Joseph Sedley, who was not to fight with fortune, or to hope or scheme any more: but to go and take up a quiet and utterly unknown residence in a churchyard at Brompton by the side of his old wife.

Major Dobbin, Jos, and Georgy followed his remains to the grave, in a black cloth coach. Jos came on purpose from the Star and Garter at Richmond, whither he retreated after the deplorable event. He did not care to remain in the house, with the—under the circumstances, you understand. But Emmy staid and did her duty as usual. She was bowed down by no especial grief, and rather solemn than sorrowful. She prayed that her own end might be as calm and painless, and thought with trust

and reverence of the words which she had heard from her father during his illness, indicative of his faith, his resignation, and his future hope.

Yes, I think that will be the better ending of the two, after all. Suppose you are particularly rich and well to do, and say on that last day, "I am very rich; I am tolerably well known; I have lived all my life in the best society, and, thank Heaven, come of a most respectable family. I have served my King and country with honour. I was in Parliament for several years, where, I may say, my speeches were listened to, and pretty well received. I don't owe any man a shilling: on the contrary, I lent my old college friend, Jack Lazarus, fifty pounds, for which my executors will not press him. I leave my daughters with ten thousand pounds a-piece—very good portions for girls: I bequeath my plate and furniture, my house in Baker Street, with a handsome jointure, to my widow for her life; and my landed property, besides money in the funds, and my cellar of well-selected wine in Baker Street, to my son. I leave twenty pound a-year to my valet; and I defy any man after I am gone to find anything against my character." Or suppose, on the other hand, your swan sings quite a different sort of dirge, and you say, "I am a poor, blighted, disappointed old fellow, and have made an utter failure through life. I was not endowed either with brains or with good fortune: and confess that I have committed a hundred mistakes and blunders. I own to having forgotten my duty many a time. I can't pay what I owe. On my last bed I lie utterly helpless and humble; and I pray forgiveness for my weakness, and throw myself with a contrite heart, at the feet of the Divine Mercy." Which of these two speeches, think you, would be the best oration for your own funeral? old Sedley made the last; and in that humble frame of mind, and holding by the hand of his daughter, life and disappointment and vanity sank away from under him.

"You see," said old Osborne to George, "what comes of merit and industry, and judicious speculations, and that. Look at me and my banker's account. Look at your poor grandfather, Sedley, and his failure. And yet he was a better man than I was, this day twenty years—a better man I should say, by ten thousand pound."

Beyond these people and Mr. Clapp's family, who came over from Brompton to pay a visit of condolence, not a single soul alive ever cared a penny piece about old John Sedley, or remembered the existence of such a person.

When old Osborne first heard from his friend Colonel Buckler (as little Georgy has already informed us) how distinguished an officer Major Dobbin was, he exhibited a great deal of scornful incredulity, and expressed his surprise how ever such a feller as that should possess either brains or reputation. But he heard of the Major's fame from various members of his society. Sir William Dobbin had a great opinion of his son, and narrated many stories illustrative of the Major's learning, valour, and estimation in the world's opinion. Finally, his name appeared in the lists of one or two great parties of the nobility; and this circumstance had a prodigious effect upon the old aristocrat of Russell Square.

The Major's position, as guardian to Georgy, whose possession had

been ceded to his grandfather, rendered some meetings between the two gentlemen inevitable; and it was in one of these that old Osborne, a keen man of business, looking into the Major's accounts with his ward and the boy's mother, got a hint which staggered him very much, and at once pained and pleased him, that it was out of William Dobbin's own pocket that a part of the fund had been supplied upon which the poor widow and the child had subsisted.

When pressed upon the point, Dobbin, who could not tell lies, blushed and stammered a good deal, and finally confessed. "The marriage," he said, (at which his interlocutor's face grew dark,) "was very much my doing. I thought my poor friend had gone so far, that retreat from his engagement would have been dishonour to him, and death to Mrs. Osborne; and I could do no less, when she was left without resources, than give what money I could spare to maintain her."

"Major D.," Mr. Osborne said, looking hard at him, and turning very red too—"You did me a great injury; but give me leave to tell you, Sir, you are an honest feller. There 's my hand, Sir, though I little thought that my flesh and blood was a living on you—" and the pair shook hands, with great confusion on Major Dobbin's part, thus found out in his act of charitable hypocrisy.

He strove to soften the old man, and reconcile him towards his son's memory. "He was such a noble fellow," he said, "that all of us loved him, and would have done anything for him. I, as a young man in those days, was flattered beyond measure by his preference for me; and was more pleased to be seen in his company than in that of the Commander-in-Chief. I never saw his equal for pluck and daring, and all the qualities of a soldier;" and Dobbin told the old father as many stories as he could remember regarding the gallantry and achievements of his son. "And Georgy is so like him," the Major added.

"He 's so like him that he makes me tremble sometimes," the grandfather said.

On one or two evenings the Major came to dine with Mr. Osborne, (it was during the time of the sickness of Mr. Sedley), and as the two sate together in the evening after dinner all their talk was about the departed hero. The father boasted about him according to his wont, glorifying himself in recounting his son's feats and gallantry, but his mood was at any rate better and more charitable than that in which he had been disposed until now to regard the poor fellow; and the Christian heart of the kind Major was pleased at these symptoms of returning peace and good will. On the second evening old Osborne called Dobbin, William, just as he used to do at the time when Dobbin and George were boys together: and the honest gentleman was affected by that mark of reconciliation.

On the next day at breakfast when Miss Osborne, with the asperity of her age and character, ventured to make some remark reflecting slightingly upon the Major's appearance or behaviour—the master of the house interrupted her. "You 'd have been glad enough to git him for yourself Miss O. But them grapes are sour. Ha! Ha! Major William is a fine feller."

"That he is, Grandpapa," said Georgy, approvingly: and going up close to the old gentleman he took a hold of his large grey whiskers, and laughed in his face good-humouredly and kissed him. And he told the story at night to his mother: who fully agreed with the boy. "Indeed he is," she said. "Your dear father always said so. He is one of the best and most upright of men." Dobbin happened to drop in very soon after this conversation, which made Amelia blush perhaps; and the young scapegrace increased the confusion by telling Dobbin the other part of the story. "I say Dob," he said, "there 's such an uncommon nice girl wants to marry you. She 's plenty of tin: she wears a front: and she scolds the servants from morning till night." "Who is it?" asked Dobbin.

"It 's aunt O," the boy answered, "Grandpapa said so. And I say, Dob, how prime it would be to have you for my uncle." Old Sedley's quavering voice from the next room at this moment weakly called for Amelia and the laughing ended.

That old Osborne's mind was changing was pretty clear. He asked George about his uncle sometimes, and laughed at the boy's imitation of the way in which Jos said "God-bless-my-soul" and gobbled his soup. Then he said, "It 's not respectful, Sir, of you younkers to be imitating of your relations. Miss O, when you go out a-driving to-day, leave my card upon Mr. Sedley, do you hear. There 's no quarrel betwigst me and him anyhow."

The card was returned, and Jos and the Major were asked to dinner, —to a dinner the most splendid and stupid that perhaps ever Mr. Osborne gave; every inch of the family plate was exhibited, and the best company was asked. Mr. Sedley took down Miss O. to dinner, and she was very gracious to him; whereas she hardly spoke to the Major, who sate apart from her, and by the side of Mr. Osborne, very timid. Jos said, with great solemnity, it was the best clear turtle soup he had ever tasted in his life; and asked Mr. Osborne where he got his Madeira?

"It is some of Sedley's wine," whispered the butler to his master. "I've had it a long time, and paid a good figure for it, too," Mr. Osborne said aloud to his guest; and then whispered to his right-hand neighbour how he had got it "at the old chap's sale."

More than once he asked the Major about—about Mrs. George Osborne —a theme on which the Major could be very eloquent when he chose. He told Mr. Osborne of her sufferings—of her passionate attachment to her husband, whose memory she worshipped still,—of the tender and dutiful manner in which she had supported her parents, and given up her boy, when it seemed to her her duty to do so. "You don't know what she endured, Sir," said honest Dobbin, with a tremor in his voice; "and I hope and trust you will be reconciled to her. If she took your son away from you, she gave hers to you; and however much you loved your George, depend on it, she loved hers ten times more."

"By God, you are a good feller, Sir," was all Mr. Osborne said. It had never struck him that the widow would feel any pain at parting with the boy, or that his having a fine fortune could grieve her. A reconciliation was announced as speedy and inevitable; and Amelia's heart already began to beat at the notion of the awful meeting with George's father.

It was never, however, destined to take place. Old Sedley's lingering illness and death supervened, after which a meeting was for some time impossible. That catastrophe and other events may have worked upon Mr. Osborne. He was much shaken of late, and aged, and his mind was working inwardly. He had sent for his lawyers, and probably changed something in his will. The medical man who looked in, pronounced him shaky, agitated, and talked of a little blood, and the sea-side; but he took neither of these remedies.

One day when he should have come down to breakfast, his servant missing him, went into his dressing-room, and found him lying at the foot of the dressing-table in a fit. Miss Osborne was apprised; the doctors were sent for: Georgy stopped away from school: the bleeders and cuppers came. Osborne partially regained cognizance; but never could speak again, though he tried dreadfully once or twice, and in four days he died. The doctors went down; the undertaker's men went up the stairs; and all the shutters were shut towards the garden in Russell Square. Bullock rushed from the city in a hurry. "How much money had he left to that boy?—not half, surely? Surely share and share alike between the three?" It was an agitating moment.

What was it that poor old man had tried once or twice in vain to say? I hope it was that he wanted to see Amelia, and be reconciled before he left the world to the dear and faithful wife of his son: it was most likely that; for his will showed that the hatred which he had so long cherished had gone out of his heart.

They found in the pocket of his dressing-gown the letter with the great red seal, which George had written him from Waterloo. He had looked at the other papers too, relative to his son, for the key of the box in which he kept them was also in his pocket, and it was found the seals and envelopes had been broken—very likely on the night before the seizure—when the butler had taken him tea into his study, and found him reading in the great red family bible.

When the will was opened, it was found that half the property was left to George, and the remainder between the two sisters. Mr. Bullock to continue, for their joint benefit, the affairs of the commercial house, or to go out, as he thought fit. An annuity of five hundred pounds, chargeable on George's property, was left to his mother, 'the widow of my beloved son George Osborne,' who was to resume the guardianship of the boy.

'Major William Dobbin, my beloved son's friend,' was appointed executor; 'and as out of his kindness and bounty, and with his own private funds, he maintained my grandson, and my son's widow, when they were otherwise without means of support,' (the testator went on to say) 'I hereby thank him heartily, for his love and regard for them; and beseech him to accept such a sum as may be sufficient to purchase his commission as a Lieutenant-Colonel, or to be disposed of in any way he may think fit.'

When Amelia heard that her father-in-law was reconciled to her, her heart melted, and she was grateful for the fortune left to her. But when she heard how Georgy was restored to her, and knew how and by whom, and how it was William's bounty that supported her in poverty, how it was William who gave her her husband and her son—O, then she sank on

her knees, and prayed for blessings on that constant and kind heart: she bowed down and humbled herself, and kissed the feet, as it were, of that beautiful and generous affection.

And gratitude was all that she had to pay back for such admirable devotion and benefits—only gratitude! If she thought of any other return, the image of George stood up out of the grave, and said, "You are mine, and mine only, now and for ever."

William knew her feelings: had he not passed his whole life in divining them?

When the nature of Mr. Osborne's will became known to the world, it was edifying to remark how Mrs. George Osborne rose in the estimation of the people forming her circle of acquaintance. The servants of Jos's establishment, who used to question her humble orders, and say they would "ask Master," whether or not they could obey, never thought now of that sort of appeal. The cook forgot to sneer at her shabby old gowns (which, indeed, were quite eclipsed by that lady's finery when she was dressed to go to church of a Sunday evening), the others no longer grumbled at the sound of her bell, or delayed to answer that summons. The coachman, who grumbled that his osses should be brought out, and his carriage made into an ospital for that old feller and Mrs. O., drove her with the utmost alacrity now, and trembling lest he should be superseded by Mr. Osborne's coachman, asked "what them there Russell Square coachmen knew about town, and whether *they* was fit to sit on a box before a lady?" Jos's friends, male and female, suddenly became interested about Emmy, and cards of condolence multiplied on her hall table. Jos himself, who had looked on her as a goodnatured harmless pauper, to whom it was his duty to give victuals and shelter, paid her and the rich little boy, his nephew, the greatest respect—was anxious that she should have change and amusement after her troubles and trials, "poor dear girl"—and began to appear at the breakfast-table, and most particularly to ask how she would like to dispose of the day.

In her capacity of guardian to Georgy, she, with the consent of the Major, her fellow-trustee, begged Miss Osborne to live in the Russell Square house as long as ever she chose to dwell there; but that lady, with thanks, declared that she never could think of remaining alone in that melancholy mansion, and departed in deep mourning, to Cheltenham, with a couple of her old domestics. The rest were liberally paid and dismissed; the faithful old butler, whom Mrs. Osborne proposed to retain, resigning and preferring to invest his savings in a public-house, where, let us hope, he was not unprosperous. Miss Osborne not choosing to live in Russell Square, Mrs. Osborne also, after consultation, declined to occupy the gloomy old mansion there. The house was dismantled; the rich furniture and effects, the awful chandeliers and dreary blank mirrors packed away and hidden, the rich rosewood drawing-room suite was muffled in straw, the carpets were rolled up and corded, the small select library of well-bound books was stowed into two wine chests, and the whole paraphernalia rolled away in several enormous vans to the Pantechnicon, where they were to lie until Georgy's majority. And the great heavy dark plate-chests

went off to Messrs. Stumpy and Rowdy, to lie in the cellars of those eminent bankers until the same period should arrive.

One day Emmy with George in her hand and clad in deep sables went to visit the deserted mansion which she had not entered since she was a girl. The place in front was littered with straw where the vans had been laden and rolled off. They went into the great blank rooms, the walls of which bore the marks where the pictures and mirrors had hung. Then they went up the great blank stone-staircases into the upper rooms, into that where grandpapa died, as George said in a whisper, and then higher still into George's own room. The boy was still clinging by her side, but she thought of another besides him. She knew that it had been his father's room as well as his own.

She went up to one of the open windows (one of those at which she used to gaze with a sick heart when the child was first taken from her) and thence as she looked out she could see over the trees of Russell Square, the old house in which she herself was born, and where she had passed so many happy days of sacred youth. They all came back to her, the pleasant holidays, the kind faces, the careless, joyful past times; and the long pains and trials that had since cast her down. She thought of these and of the man who had been her constant protector, her good genius, her sole benefactor, her tender and generous friend.

"Look here, mother," said Georgy, "here 's a G. O. scratched on the glass with a diamond; I never saw it before, *I* never did it."

"It was your father's room long long before you were born, George," she said, and she blushed as she kissed the boy.

She was very silent as they drove back to Richmond where they had taken a temporary house: where the smiling lawyers used to come bustling over to see her: (and we may be sure noted the visit in the bill) and where of course there was a room for Major Dobbin too, who rode over frequently, having much business to transact in behalf of his little ward.

Georgy at this time was removed from Mr. Veal's on an unlimited holiday, and that gentleman was engaged to prepare an inscription for a fine marble slab, to be placed up in the Foundling under the monument of Captain George Osborne.

The female Bullock, aunt of Georgy, although despoiled by that little monster of one-half of the sum which she expected from her father, nevertheless showed her charitableness of spirit by being reconciled to the mother and the boy. Roehampton is not far from Richmond, and one day the chariot, with the golden Bullocks emblazoned on the panels, and the flaccid children within, drove to Amelia's house at Richmond; and the Bullock family made an irruption into the garden, where Amelia was reading a book, Jos was in an arbour placidly dipping strawberries into wine, and the Major in one of his Indian jackets was giving a back to Georgy, who chose to jump over him. He went over his head, and bounded into the little advance of Bullocks, with immense black bows in their hats, and huge black sashes, accompanying their mourning mamma.

"He is just of the age for Rosa," the fond parent thought, and

glanced towards that dear child, an unwholesome little Miss of seven years of age.

"Rosa, go and kiss your dear cousin," Mrs. Frederick said. "Don't you know me, George?—I am your aunt."

"*I* know you well enough," George said; "but I don't like kissing, please;" and he retreated from the obedient caresses of his cousin.

"Take me to your dear mamma, you droll child," Mrs. Frederick said; and those ladies accordingly met, after an absence of more than fifteen years. During Emmy's cares and poverty the other had never once thought about coming to see her; but now that she was decently prosperous in the world, her sister-in-law came to her as a matter of course.

So did numbers more. Our old friend, Miss Schwartz, and her husband came thundering over from Hampton Court, with flaming yellow liveries, and was as impetuously fond of Amelia as ever. Schwartz would have liked her always if she could have seen her. One must do her that justice. But, *que voulez vous?*—in this vast town one has not the time to go and seek one's friends; if they drop out of the rank they disappear, and we march on without them. Who is ever missed in Vanity Fair?

But so, in a word, and before the period of grief for Mr. Osborne's death had subsided, Emmy found herself in the centre of a very genteel circle indeed; the members of which could not conceive that anybody belonging to it was not very lucky. There was scarce one of the ladies that hadn't a relation a peer, though the husband might be a drysalter in the City. Some of the ladies were very blue and well informed; reading Mrs. Somerville, and frequenting the Royal Institution; others were severe and Evangelical, and held by Exeter Hall. Emmy, it must be owned, found herself entirely at a loss in the midst of their clavers, and suffered wofully on the one or two occasions in which she was compelled to accept Mrs. Frederick Bullock's hospitalities. That lady persisted in patronising her, and determined most graciously to form her. She found Amelia's milliners for her, and regulated her household and her manners. She drove over constantly from Roehampton, and entertained her friend with faint fashionable fiddlefaddle and feeble Court slipslop. Jos liked to hear it, but the Major used to go off growling at the appearance of this woman, with her twopenny gentility. He went to sleep under Frederick Bullock's bald head, after dinner, at one of the banker's best parties, (Fred was still anxious that the balance of the Osborne property should be transferred from Stumpy and Rowdy's to them), and whilst Amelia, who did not know Latin, or who wrote the last crack article in the Edinburgh, and did not in the least deplore, or otherwise, Mr. Peel's late extraordinary tergiversation in the fatal Catholic Relief Bill, sate dumb amongst the ladies in the grand drawing-room, looking out upon velvet lawns, trim gravel walks, and glistening hot-houses.

"She seems goodnatured but insipid," said Mrs. Rowdy; "that Major seems to be particularly *épris*."

"She wants *ton* sadly," said Mr. Hollyock. "My dear creature, you never will be able to form her."

"She is dreadfully ignorant or indifferent," said Mrs. Glowry, with a

voice as if from the grave, and a sad shake of the head and turban—"I asked her if she thought that it was in 1836, according to Mr. Jowls, or in 1839, according to Mr. Wapshot, that the Pope was to fall: and she said—'Poor Pope! I hope not—What has he done?'"

"She is my brother's widow, my dear friends," Mrs. Frederick replied, "and as such I think we're all bound to give her every attention and instruction on entering into the world. You may fancy there can be no *mercenary* motives in those whose *disappointments* are well known."

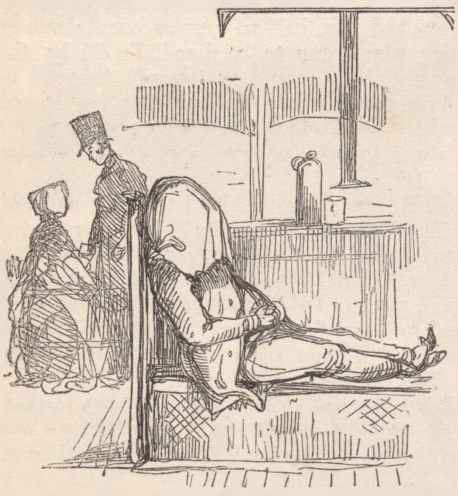
"That poor dear Mrs. Bullock," said Rowdy to Hollyock, as they drove away together—"she is always scheming and managing. She wants Mrs. Osborne's account to be taken from our house to hers—and the way in which she coaxes that boy, and makes him sit by that blear-eyed little Rosa, is perfectly ridiculous."

"I wish Glowry was choked with her Man of Sin and her Battle of Armageddon," cried the other; and the carriage rolled away over Putney Bridge.

But this sort of society was too cruelly genteel for Emmy: and all jumped for joy when a foreign tour was proposed.

CHAPTER LXII.

AM RHEIN.



THE above every-day events had occurred, and a few weeks had passed, when, on one fine morning, Parliament being over, the summer advanced, and all the good company in London about to quit that city for their annual tour in search of pleasure or health, the Batavier steamboat left the Tower-stairs laden with a goodly company of English fugitives. The quarter-deck awnings were up, and the benches and gangways crowded with scores of rosy children, bustling nursemaids, ladies in the prettiest pink bonnets and summer dresses, gentlemen in travelling caps and linen jackets, whose mustachios had just begun to sprout for the ensuing tour; and stout trim old veterans with starched neckcloths and neat-brushed hats, such as have invaded Europe any time since the conclusion of the war, and carry the national Goddem into every city of the Continent. The congregation of hat-boxes, and Bramah desks, and dressing-cases was prodigious. There were jaunty young Cambridge-men travelling with their tutor, and going for a reading excursion to Nonnenwerth or Königswinter: there were Irish gentlemen, with the most dashing whiskers and jewellery, talking about horses incessantly, and prodigiously polite to the young ladies on board, whom, on the contrary, the Cambridge lads and their pale-faced tutor avoided with maiden coyness: there were old Pall Mall loungers bound for Ems and Wiesbaden, and a course of waters to clear off the dinners of the season, and a little roulette and *trente-et-quarante* to keep the excitement going: there was old Methuselah, who had married his

young wife, with Captain Papillon of the Guards holding her parasol and guide-books: there was young May who was carrying off his bride on a pleasure tour, (Mrs. Winter that was, and who had been at school with May's grandmother;) there was Sir John and my Lady with a dozen children, and corresponding nursemaids; and the great grandee Bareacres family that sate by themselves near the wheel, stared at everybody, and spoke to no one. Their carriages, emblazoned with coronets, and heaped with shining imperials, were on the foredeck; locked in with a dozen more such vehicles: it was difficult to pass in and out amongst them: and the poor inmates of the fore-cabin had scarcely any space for locomotion. These consisted of a few magnificently attired gentlemen from Houndsditch, who brought their own provisions, and could have bought half the gay people in the grand saloon; a few honest fellows with mustachios and portfolios, who set to sketching before they had been half-an-hour on board; one or two French *femmes de chambre* who began to be dreadfully ill by the time the boat had passed Greenwich; a groom or two who lounged in the neighbourhood of the horse-boxes under their charge, or leaned over the side by the paddle-wheels, and talked about who was good for the Leger, and what they stood to win or lose for the Goodwood cup.

All the couriers, when they had done plunging about the ship, and had settled their various masters in the cabins or on the deck, congregated together and began to chatter and smoke; the Hebrew gentlemen joining them and looking at the carriages. There was Sir John's great carriage that would hold thirteen people; my Lord Methuselah's carriage, my Lord Bareacre's chariot, britska, and fourgon, that anybody might pay for who liked. It was a wonder how my Lord got the ready money to pay for the expenses of the journey. The Hebrew gentlemen knew how he got it. They knew what money his Lordship had in his pocket at that instant, and what interest he paid for it, and who gave it him. Finally there was a very neat, handsome travelling carriage, about which the gentlemen speculated.

"*A qui cette voiture la?*" said one gentleman-courier with a large morocco money-bag and ear-rings, to another with ear-rings and a large morocco money-bag.

"*C'est a Kirsch je bense—je l'ai vu toute à l'heure—qui brenoit des sangviches dans la voiture,*" said the courier in a fine German French.

Kirsch emerging presently from the neighbourhood of the hold where he had been bellowing instructions intermingled with polyglot oaths to the ship's men engaged in secreting the passengers' luggage, came to give an account of himself to his brother interpreters. He informed them that the carriage belonged to a Nabab from Calcutta and Jamaica, enormously rich, and with whom he was engaged to travel; and at this moment a young gentleman who had been warned off the bridge between the paddle-boxes, and who had dropped thence on to the roof of Lord Methuselah's carriage, from which he had made his way over other carriages and imperials until he had clambered on to his own, descended thence and through the window into the body of the carriage to the applause of the couriers looking on.

"*Nous allons avoir une belle traversée*, Monsieur George," said the courier with a grin, as he lifted his gold-laced cap.

"D— your French," said the young gentleman, "where 's the biscuits, ay?" Whereupon, Kirsch answered him in the English language or in such an imitation of it as he could command,—for though he was familiar with all languages, Mr. Kirsch was not acquainted with a single one and spoke all with indifferent volubility and incorrectness.

The imperious young gentleman who gobbled the biscuits, (and indeed it was time to refresh himself, for he had breakfasted at Richmond full three hours before,) was our young friend George Osborne. Uncle Jos and his mamma were on the quarter deck with a gentleman of whom they used to see a good deal, and the four were about to make a summer tour.

Jos was seated at that moment on deck under the awning, and pretty

nearly opposite to the Earl of Bareacres and his family, whose proceedings absorbed the Bengalee almost entirely. Both the noble couple looked rather younger than in the eventful year '15, when Jos remembered to have seen them at Brussels (indeed he always gave out in India that he was intimately acquainted with them). Lady Carabas's hair which was then dark was now a beautiful golden auburn, whereas Lord Carabas's whiskers, formerly red, were at present of a rich black with purple and green reflections in the light. But changed as they were, the movements of the noble pair occupied Jos's mind entirely. The presence of a lord fascinated him, and he could look at nothing else.

"Those people seem to interest you a good deal," said Dobbin, laughing and watching him. Amelia too laughed. She was in a straw bonnet with black ribbons, and otherwise dressed in mourning: but the little bustle and holiday of the journey pleased and excited her, and she looked particularly happy.

"What a heavenly day," Emmy said, and added, with great originality, "I hope we shall have a calm passage."

Jos waved his hand, scornfully glancing at the same time under his eyelids at the great folks opposite. "If you had made the voyages *we* have," he said, "you wouldn't much care about the weather." But nevertheless, traveller as he was, he passed the night direfully sick in his carriage, where his courier tended him with brandy-and-water and every luxury.

In due time this happy party landed at the quays of Rotterdam, whence they were transported by another steamer to the city of Cologne. Here the carriage and the family took to the shore, and Jos was not a little gratified to see his arrival announced in the Cologne newspapers as 'Herr Graf Lord von Sedley nebst Begleitung aus London.' He had his court dress with him: he had insisted that Dobbin should bring his regimental paraphernalia: he announced that it was his intention to be presented at some foreign Courts, and pay his respects to the Sovereigns of the countries which he honoured with a visit.

Wherever the party stopped, and an opportunity was offered, Mr. Jos left his own card and the Major's upon "Our Minister." It was with great difficulty that he could be restrained from putting on his cocked hat and tights to wait upon the English consul at the Free City of Judenstadt, when that hospitable functionary asked our travellers to dinner. He kept a journal of his voyage, and noted elaborately the defects or excellencies of the various inns at which he put up, and of the wines and dishes of which he partook.

As for Emmy, she was very happy and pleased. Dobbin used to carry about for her her stool and sketch-book, and admired the drawings of the goodnatured little artist, as they never had been admired before. She sate upon steamer's decks and drew crags and castles, or she mounted upon donkeys and ascended to ancient robber-towers, attended by her two aides-de-camp, Georgy and Dobbin. She laughed, and the Major did too, at his droll figure on donkey-back, with his long legs touching the ground. He was the interpreter for the party, having a good military knowledge of the German language; and he and the delighted George fought the

campaigns of the Rhine and the Palatinate: in the course of a few weeks, and by assiduously conversing with Herr Kirsch on the box of the carriage, Georgy made prodigious advance in the knowledge of High Dutch, and could talk to hotel waiters and postillions in a way that charmed his mother, and amused his guardian.

Mr. Jos did not much engage in the afternoon excursions of his fellow-travellers. He slept a good deal after dinner, or basked in the arbours of the pleasant inn-gardens. Pleasant Rhine gardens! Fair scenes of peace and sunshine—noble purple mountains, whose crests are reflected in the magnificent stream—who has ever seen you, that has not a grateful memory of those scenes of friendly repose and beauty? To lay down the pen, and even to think of that beautiful Rhineland makes one happy. At this time of summer evening, the cows are trooping down from the hills, lowing and with their bells tinkling, to the old town, with its old moats, and gates, and spires, and chestnut-trees, with long blue shadows stretching over the grass; the sky and the river below flame in crimson and gold; and the moon is already out, looking pale towards the sunset. The sun sinks behind the great castle-crested mountains, the night falls suddenly, the river grows darker and darker, lights quiver in it from the windows in the old ramparts, and twinkle peacefully in the villages under the hills on the opposite shore.

So Jos used to go to sleep a good deal with his bandanna over his face and be very comfortable, and read all the English news, and every word of Galignani's admirable newspaper, (may the blessings of all Englishmen who have ever been abroad rest on the founders and proprietors of that piratical print!) and whether he woke or slept his friends did not very much miss him. Yes, they were very happy. They went to the Opera often of evenings—to those snug, unassuming, dear old operas in the German towns, where the noblesse sits and cries, and knits stockings on the one side, over against the bourgeoisie on the other; and His Transparency the Duke and his Transparent family, all very fat and good-natured, come and occupy the great box in the middle; and the pit is full of the most elegant slim-waisted officers with straw-coloured mustachios, and twopence a-day on full pay. Here it was that Emmy found her delight, and was introduced for the first time to the wonders of Mozart and Cimarosa. The Major's musical taste has been before alluded to, and his performances on the flute commended. But perhaps the chief pleasure he had in these operas was in watching Emmy's rapture while listening to them. A new world of love and beauty broke upon her when she was introduced to those divine compositions: this lady had the keenest and finest sensibility, and how could she be indifferent when she heard Mozart? The tender parts of Don Juan awakened in her raptures so exquisite that she would ask herself when she went to say her prayers of a night, whether it was not wicked to feel so much delight as that with which "Vedrai Carino" and "Batti Batti" filled her gentle little bosom? But the Major, whom she consulted upon this head, as her theological adviser (and who himself had a pious and reverent soul), said that for his part, every beauty of art or nature made him thankful as well as happy; and that the pleasure to be had in listening to fine music, as in looking at the stars in the sky, or at a beautiful

landscape or picture, was a benefit for which we might thank Heaven as sincerely as for any other worldly blessing. And in reply to some faint objections of Mrs. Amelia's (taken from certain theological works like the "Washerwoman of Finchley Common" and others of that school, with which Mrs. Osborne had been furnished during her life at Brompton) he told her an Eastern fable of the Owl who thought that the sunshine was unbearable for the eyes, and that the Nightingale was a most overrated bird. "It is one's nature to sing and the other's to hoot," he said, laughing, "and with such a sweet voice as you have yourself, you must belong to the Bulbul faction."

I like to dwell upon this period of her life, and to think that she was cheerful and happy. You see she has not had too much of that sort of existence as yet, and has not fallen in the way of means to educate her tastes or her intelligence. She has been domineered over hitherto by vulgar intellects. It is the lot of many a woman. And as every one of the dear sex is the rival of the rest of her kind, timidity passes for folly in their charitable judgments; and gentleness for dulness; and silence—which is but timid denial of the unwelcome assertion of ruling folks, and tacit protestantism—above all, finds no mercy at the hands of the female Inquisition. Thus, my dear and civilised reader, if you and I were to find ourselves this evening in a society of greengrocers, let us say; it is probable that our conversation would not be brilliant; if, on the other hand, a greengrocer should find himself at your refined and polite tea-table, where everybody was saying witty things, and everybody of fashion and repute tearing her friends to pieces in the most delightful manner, it is possible that the stranger would not be very talkative, and by no means interesting or interested.

And it must be remembered, that this poor lady had never met a gentleman in her life until this present moment. Perhaps these are rarer personages than some of us think for. Which of us can point out many such in his circle—men whose aims are generous, whose truth is constant, and not only constant in its kind but elevated in its degree; whose want of meanness makes them simple: who can look the world honestly in the face with an equal manly sympathy for the great and the small? We all know a hundred whose coats are very well made, and a score who have excellent manners, and one or two happy beings who are what they call, in the inner circles, and have shot into the very centre and bull's eye of the fashion; but of gentlemen how many? Let us take a little scrap of paper and each make out his list.

My friend the Major I write, without any doubt, in mine. He had very long legs, a yellow face, and a slight lisp, which at first was rather ridiculous. But his thoughts were just, his brains were fairly good, his life was honest and pure, and his heart warm and humble. He certainly had very large hands and feet, which the two George Osbornes used to caricature and laugh at; and their jeers and laughter perhaps led poor little Emmy astray as to his worth. But have we not all been misled about our heroes, and changed our opinions a hundred times? Emmy, in this happy time, found that hers underwent a very great change in respect of the merits of the Major.

Perhaps it was the happiest time of both their lives indeed, if they did but know it—and who does? Which of us can point out and say that was the culmination—that was the summit of human joy? But at all events, this couple were very decently contented and enjoyed as pleasant a summer tour as any pair that left England that year. Georgy was always present at the play, but it was the Major who put Emmy's shawl on after the entertainment; and in the walks and excursions the young lad would be on a head, and up a tower-stair or a tree, whilst the soberer couple were below, the Major smoking his cigar with great placidity and constancy, whilst Emmy sketched the site or the ruin. It was on this very tour that I, the present writer of a history of which every word is true, had the pleasure to see them first, and to make their acquaintance.

It was at the little comfortable Grand Ducal town of Pumpernickel (that very place where Sir Pitt Crawley had been so distinguished as an *attaché;* but that was in early early days, and before the news of the battle of Austerlitz sent all the English diplomatists in Germany to the right about) that I first saw Colonel Dobbin and his party. They had arrived with the carriage and courier at the Erbprinz Hotel, the best of the town, and the whole party dined at the *table d'hôte*. Everybody remarked the majesty of Jos, and the knowing way in which he sipped, or rather sucked, the Johannisberger, which he ordered for dinner. The little boy, too, we observed, had a famous appetite, and consumed schinken, and braten, and kartoffeln, and cranberry jam, and salad, and pudding, and roast fowls, and sweetmeats, with a gallantry that did honour to his nation. After about fifteen dishes, he concluded the repast with dessert, some of which he even carried out of doors; for some young gentlemen at table, amused with his coolness and gallant free and easy manner, induced him to pocket a handful of macaroons, which he discussed on his way to the theatre, whither everybody went in the cheery social little German place. The lady in black, the boy's mamma, laughed and blushed, and looked exceedingly pleased and shy as the dinner went on, and at the various feats and instances of *espièglerie* on the part of her son. The Colonel—for so he became very soon afterwards—I remember joked the boy with a great deal of grave fun, pointing out dishes which he *hadn't* tried, and entreating him not to baulk his appetite, but to have a second supply of this or that.

It was what they call a *gast-rolle* night at the Royal Grand Ducal Pumpernickelisch Hof,—or Court theatre; and Madame Schroeder Devrient, then in the bloom of her beauty and genius, performed the part of the heroine in the wonderful opera of Fidelio. From our places in the stalls we could see our four friends of the *table d'hôte*, in the loge which Schwendler of the Erbprinz kept for his best guests: and I could not help remarking the effect which the magnificent actress and music produced upon Mrs. Osborne, for so we had heard the stout gentleman in the mustachios call her. During the astonishing Chorus of the Prisoners over which the delightful voice of the actress rose and soared in the most ravishing harmony, her face wore such an expression of wonder and delight that it struck even little Fipps, the *blasé* attaché, who drawled

out, as he fixed his glass upon her, "Gayd, it really does one good to see a woman caypable of that stayt of excaytement." And in the Prison Scene where Fidelio, rushing to her husband, cries "Nichts nichts mein Florestan," she fairly lost herself and covered her face with her handkerchief. Every woman in the house was snivelling at the time: but I suppose it was because it was predestined that I was to write this particular lady's memoirs that I remarked her.

The next day they gave another piece of Beethoven. "Die Schlacht bei Vittoria." Malbrook is introduced at the beginning of the performance, as indicative of the brisk advance of the French Army. Then come drums, trumpets, thunder of artillery, and groans of the dying, and at last in a grand triumphant swell, "God save the King" is performed.

There may have been a score of Englishmen in the house, but at the burst of that beloved and well-known music, everyone of them, we young fellows in the stalls, Sir John and Lady Bullminster (who had taken a house at Pumpernickel for the education of their nine children), the fat gentleman with the mustachios, the long Major in white duck trowsers, and the lady with the little boy upon whom he was so sweet; even Kirsch, the courier in the gallery, stood bolt upright in their places, and proclaimed themselves to be members of the dear old British nation. As for Tapeworm, the Secretary of Legation, he rose up in his box and bowed and simpered, as if he would represent the whole empire. Tapeworm was nephew and heir of old Marshal Tiptoff, who has been introduced in this story as General Tiptoff, just before Waterloo, who was Colonel of the —th regiment in which Major Dobbin served, and who died in this year full of honours, and of an aspic of plover's eggs; when the regiment was graciously given by his Majesty to Colonel Sir Michael O'Dowd, K.C.B., who had commanded it in many glorious fields.

Tapeworm must have met with Colonel Dobbin at the house of the Colonel's Colonel, the Marshal, for he recognised him on this night at the theatre; and with the utmost condescension, his Majesty's minister came over from his own box, and publicly shook hands with his new-found friend.

"Look at that infernal sly boots of a Tapeworm," Fipps whispered, examining his Chief from the stalls. "Wherever there 's a pretty woman he always twists himself in." And I wonder what were diplomatists made for but for that?

"Have I the honour of addressing myself to Mrs. Dobbin," asked the Secretary, with a most insinuating grin.

Georgy burst out laughing, and said "By Jove, that *is* a good 'un."—Emmy and the Major blushed: we saw them from the stalls.

"This lady is Mrs. George Osborne," said the Major, "and this is her brother, Mr. Sedley, a distinguished officer of the Bengal Civil Service: permit me to introduce him to your lordship."

My lord nearly sent Jos off his legs, with the most fascinating smile. "Are you going to stop in Pumpernickel," he said. "It is a dull place: but we want some nice people, and we would try and make it *so* agreeable to you. Mr.—Ahum—Mrs.—Oho. I shall do myself the honour of calling upon you to-morrow at your inn."—And he went away

with a Parthian grin and glance, which he thought must finish Mrs. Osborne completely.

The performance over, the young fellows lounged about the lobbies, and we saw the society take its departure. The Duchess Dowager went off in her jingling old coach, attended by two faithful and withered old maids of honour, and a little snuffy spindle-shanked gentleman in waiting, in a brown jasey and a green coat covered with orders—of which the star and the grand yellow cordon of the order of Saint Michael of Pumpernickel was most conspicuous. The drums rolled, the guards saluted, and the old carriage drove away.

Then came his Transparency the Duke and Transparent family, with his great officers of state and household. He bowed serenely to everybody. And amid the saluting of the guards, and the flaring of the torches of the running footmen, clad in scarlet, the Transparent carriages drove away to the old Ducal Schloss, with its towers and pinnacles standing on the Schlossberg. Everybody in Pumpernickel knew everybody.

No sooner was a foreigner seen there, than the Minister of Foreign Affairs, or some other great or small officer of state, went round to the Erbprinz, and found out the name of the new arrivals.

We watched them, too, out of the theatre. Tapeworm had just walked off, enveloped in his cloak, with which his gigantic chasseur was always in attendance, and looking as much as possible like Don Juan. The Prime Minister's lady had just squeezed herself into her sedan, and her daughter, the charming Ida, had put on her calash and clogs: when the English party came out, the boy yawning drearily, the Major taking great pains in keeping the shawl over Mrs. Osborne's head, and Mr. Sedley looking grand, with a crush opera-hat on one side of his head, and his hand in the stomach of a voluminous white waistcoat. We took off our hats to our acquaintances of the *table d'hôte*, and the lady, in return, presented us with a little smile and a curtsey, for which everybody might be thankful.

The carriage from the inn, under the superintendence of the bustling Mr. Kirsch, was in waiting to convey the party; but the fat man said he would walk, and smoke his cigar on his way homewards; so the other three, with nods and smiles to us, went without Mr. Sedley. Kirsch, with the cigar-case, following in his master's wake.

We all walked together, and talked to the stout gentleman about the *agrémens* of the place. It was very agreeable for the English. There were shooting-parties and battues; there was a plenty of balls and entertainments at the hospitable Court; the society was generally good; the theatre excellent, and the living cheap.

"And our Minister seems a most delightful and affable person," our new friend said. "With such a representative, and—and a good medical man, I can fancy the place to be most eligible. Good night, gentlemen." And Jos creaked up the stairs to bedward, followed by Kirsch with a flambeau. We rather hoped that nice-looking woman would be induced to stay some time in the town.

CHAPTER LXIII.

IN WHICH WE MEET AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

UCH polite behaviour as that of Lord Tapeworm did not fail to have the most favourable effect upon Mr. Sedley's mind, and the very next morning, at breakfast, he pronounced his opinion that Pumpernickel was the pleasantest little place of any which they had visited on their tour. Jos's motives and artifices were not very difficult of comprehension: and Dobbin laughed in his sleeve, like a hypocrite as he was, when he found by the knowing air of the Civilian and the off-hand manner in which the latter talked about Tapeworm Castle, and the other members of the family, that Jos had been up already in the morning, consulting his travelling Peerage. Yes, he had seen the Right Honourable the Earl of Bagwig, his lordship's father; he was sure he had, he had met him at—at the Levee—didn't Dob remember? and when the Diplomatist called on the party, faithful to his promise, Jos received him with such a salute and honours as were seldom accorded to the little Envoy. He winked at Kirsch on his Excellency's arrival, and that emissary instructed beforehand, went out and superintended an entertainment of cold meats, jellies, and other delicacies, brought in upon trays, and of which Mr. Jos absolutely insisted that his noble guest should partake.

Tapeworm, so long as he could have an opportunity of admiring the bright eyes of Mrs. Osborne (whose freshness of complexion bore daylight remarkably well) was not ill pleased to accept any invitation to stay in

Mr. Sedley's lodgings; he put one or two dexterous questions to him about India and the dancing-girls there; asked Amelia about that beautiful boy who had been with her, and complimented the astonished little woman upon the prodigious sensation which she had made in the house; and tried to fascinate Dobbin by talking of the late war, and the exploits of the Pumpernickel contingent under the command of the Hereditary Prince, now Duke of Pumpernickel.

Lord Tapeworm inherited no little portion of the family gallantry, and it was his happy belief, that almost every woman upon whom he himself cast friendly eyes, was in love with him. He left Emmy under the persuasion that she was slain by his wit and attractions, and went home to his lodgings to write a pretty little note to her. She was not fascinated; only puzzled by his grinning, his simpering, his scented cambric handkerchief, and his high-heeled lacquered boots. She did not understand one half the compliments which he paid; she had never, in her small experience of mankind, met a professional lady's man as yet, and looked upon my lord as something curious rather than pleasant; and if she did not admire, certainly wondered at him. Jos, on the contrary, was delighted. "How very affable his Lordship is," he said; "How very kind of his Lordship to say he would send his medical man! Kirsch, you will carry our cards to the Count de Schlüsselback directly: the Major and I will have the greatest pleasure in paying our respects at Court as soon as possible. Put out my uniform, Kirsch,—both our uniforms. It is a mark of politeness which every English gentleman ought to show to the countries which he visits, to pay his respects to the sovereigns of those countries as to the representatives of his own."

When Tapeworm's doctor came, Doctor von Glauber, Body Physician to H.S.H. the Duke, he speedily convinced Jos that the Pumpernickel mineral springs and the Doctor's particular treatment would infallibly restore the Bengalee to youth and slimness. "Dere came here last year," he said, "Sheneral Bulkeley, an English Sheneral, tvice so pic as you, Sir. I sent him back qvite tin after tree months, and he danced vid Baroness Glauber at the end of two."

Jos's mind was made up, the springs, the doctor, the Court, and the Chargé d' Affaires convinced him, and he proposed to spend the autumn in these delightful quarters.—And punctual to his word, on the next day the Chargé d' Affaires presented Jos and the Major to Victor Aurelius XVII., being conducted to their audience with that sovereign by the Count de Schlüsselback, Marshal of the Court.

They were straightway invited to dinner at Court, and their intention of staying in the town being announced, the politest ladies of the whole town instantly called upon Mrs. Osborne; and as not one of these, however poor they might be, was under the rank of a Baroness, Jos's delight was beyond expression. He wrote off to Chutney at the Club to say that the Service was highly appreciated in Germany, that he was going to show his friend, the Count de Schlüsselback, how to stick a pig in the Indian fashion, and that his august friends, the Duke and Duchess, were everything that was kind and civil.

Emmy, too, was presented to the august family, and as mourning is not admitted in Court on certain days, she appeared in a pink crape dress, with a diamond ornament in the corsage, presented to her by her brother, and she looked so pretty in this costume that the Duke and Court (putting out of the question the Major, who had scarcely ever seen her before in an evening dress, and vowed that she did not look five-and-twenty) all admired her excessively.

In this dress she walked a Polonaise with Major Dobbin at a Court-ball, in which easy dance Mr. Jos had the honour of leading out the Countess of Schlüsselback, an old lady with a hump back, but with sixteen good quarters of nobility, and related to half the royal houses of Germany.

Pumpernickel stands in the midst of a happy valley, through which sparkles—to mingle with the Rhine somewhere, but I have not the map at hand to say exactly at what point—the fertilising stream of the Pump. In some places the river is big enough to support a ferry-boat, in others to turn a mill; in Pumpernickel itself, the last Transparency but three, the great and renowned Victor Aurelius XIV., built a magnificent bridge, on which his own statue rises, surrounded by water-nymphs and emblems of victory, peace and plenty; he has his foot on the neck of a prostrate Turk —history says he engaged and ran a Janissary through the body at the relief of Vienna by Sobieski,—but, quite undisturbed by the agonies of that prostrate Mahometan, who writhes at his feet in the most ghastly manner —the Prince smiles blandly, and points with his truncheon in the direction of the Aurelius Platz, where he began to erect a new palace that would have been the wonder of his age, had the great-souled Prince but funds to complete it. But the completion of Monplaisir (*Monblaisir* the honest German folks call it) was stopped for lack of ready money, and it and its park and garden are now in rather a faded condition, and not more than ten times big enough to accommodate the Court of the reigning Sovereign.

The gardens were arranged to emulate those of Versailles, and amidst the terraces and groves there are some huge allegorical waterworks still, which spout and froth stupendously upon fête-days, and frighten one with their enormous aquatic insurrections. There is the Trophonius' cave in which, by some artifice, the leaden Tritons are made not only to spout water, but to play the most dreadful groans out of their lead conchs—there is the Nymph-bath and the Niagara cataract, which the people of the neighbourhood admire beyond expression, when they come to the yearly fair at the opening of the Chamber, or to the fêtes with which the happy little nation still celebrates the birth-days and marriage-days of its princely governors.

Then from all the towns of the Duchy which stretches for nearly ten miles,—from Bolkum, which lies on its western frontier bidding defiance to Prussia, from Grogwitz where the Prince has a hunting-lodge, and where his dominions are separated by the Pump river from those of the neighbouring Prince of Potzenthal; from all the little villages, which besides these three great cities, dot over the happy Principality—from the farms and the mills along the Pump, come troops of people in red

petticoats and velvet head-dresses, or with three-cornered hats and pipes in their mouths, who flock to the Residenz and share in the pleasures of the fair and the festivities there. Then the theatre is open for nothing, then the waters of Monblaisir begin to play (it is lucky that there is company to behold them for one would be afraid to see them alone)—then there come mountebanks and riding troops (the way in which his Transparency was fascinated by one of the horse-riders, is well known, and it is believed that *La Petite Vivandière*, as she was called, was a spy in the French interest), and the delighted people are permitted to march through room after room of the Grand Ducal palace, and admire the slippery floor, the rich hangings, and the spittoons at the doors of all the innumerable chambers. There is one Pavilion at Monblaisir which Aurelius Victor XV. had arranged—a great Prince but too fond of pleasure—and which I am told is a perfect wonder of licentious elegance. It is painted with the story of Bacchus and Ariadne, and the table works in and out of the room by means of a windlass so that the company was served without any intervention of domestics. But the place was shut up by Barbara, Aurelius XV.'s widow, a severe and devout Princess of the House of Bolkum and Regent of the Duchy during her son's glorious minority, and after the death of her husband, cut off in the pride of his pleasures.

The theatre of Pumpernickel is known and famous in that quarter of Germany. It languished a little when the present Duke in his youth insisted upon having his own operas played there, and it is said one day, in a fury from his place in the orchestra, when he attended a rehearsal, broke a bassoon on the head of the Chapel Master, who was conducting, and led too slow; and during which time the Duchess Sophia wrote domestic comedies which must have been very dreary to witness. But the Prince executes his music in private now, and the Duchess only gives away her plays to the foreigners of distinction who visit her kind little Court.

It is conducted with no small comfort and splendour. When there are balls, though there may be four hundred people at supper, there is a servant in scarlet and lace to attend upon every four, and every one is served on silver. There are festivals and entertainments going continually on; and the Duke has his chamberlains and equerries, and the Duchess her mistress of the wardrobe and ladies of honour just like any other and more potent potentates.

The Constitution is or was a moderate despotism, tempered by a Chamber that might or might not be elected. I never certainly could hear of its sitting in my time at Pumpernickel. The Prime Minister had lodgings in a second floor; and the Foreign Secretary occupied the comfortable lodgings over Zwieback's Conditorey. The army consisted of a magnificent band that also did duty on the stage, where it was quite pleasant to see the worthy fellows marching in Turkish dresses with rouge on and wooden scimetars, or as Roman warriors with ophicleides and trombones,—to see them again, I say, at night, after one had listened to them all the morning in the Aurelius Platz, where they performed opposite the Café where we breakfasted. Besides the band, there was a rich and

numerous staff of officers, and, I believe, a few men. Besides the regular sentries, three or four men, habited as hussars, used to do duty at the Palace, but I never saw them on horseback, and *au fait*, what was the use of cavalry in a time of profound peace?—and whither the deuce should the hussars ride?

Everybody—everybody that was noble of course, for as for the Bourgeois we could not quite be expected to take notice of *them*—visited his neighbour. H. E. Madame de Burst received once a week, H. E. Madame de Schnurrbart had her night—the theatre was open twice a week, the Court graciously received once, so that a man's life might in fact be a perfect round of pleasure in the unpretending Pumpernickel way.

That there were feuds in the place, no one can deny. Politics ran very high at Pumpernickel, and parties were very bitter. There was the Strumpff faction and the Lederlung party, the one supported by our Envoy and the other by the French Chargé d' Affaires, M de Macabau. Indeed it sufficed for our Minister to stand up for Madame Strumpff, who was clearly the greatest singer of the two, and had three more notes in her voice than Madame Lederlung her rival—it sufficed, I say, for our Minister to advance *any* opinion to have it instantly contradicted by the French diplomatist.

Everybody in the town was ranged in one or other of these factions. The Lederlung was a prettyish little creature certainly, and her voice, (what there was of it,) was very sweet, and there is no doubt that the Strumpff was not in her first youth and beauty, and certainly too stout; when she came on in the last scene of the Sonnambula for instance in her night-chemise with a lamp in her hand, and had to go out of the window, and pass over the plank of the mill, it was all she could do to squeeze out of the window, and the plank used to bend and creak again under her weight—but how she poured out the finale of the opera! and with what a burst of feeling she rushed into Elvino's arms—almost fit to smother him! Whereas the little Lederlung—but a truce to this gossip—the fact is, that these two women were the two flags of the French and the English party at Pumpernickel, and the society was divided in its allegiance to those two great nations.

We had on our side the Home Minister, the Master of the Horse, the Duke's Private Secretary, and the Prince's Tutor: whereas of the French party were the Foreign Minister, the Commander-in-chief's Lady, who had served under Napoleon, and the Hof-Marschall and his wife, who was glad enough to get the fashions from Paris, and always had them and her caps by M. de Macabau's courier. The Secretary of his Chancery was little Grignac, a young fellow, as malicious as Satan, and who made caricatures of Tapeworm in all the albums of the place.

Their head-quarters and table d'hôte were established at the Elephant, the other inn of the town; and though, of course, these gentlemen were obliged to be civil in public, yet they cut at each other with epigrams that were as sharp as razors, as I have seen a couple of wrestlers in Devonshire, lashing at each other's shins, and never showing their agony upon a muscle of their faces. Neither Tapeworm nor Macabau ever sent

home a despatch to his government, without a most savage series of attacks upon his rival. For instance, on our side we would write, "The interest of Great Britain in this place, and throughout the whole of Germany, are perilled by the continuance in office of the present French envoy; this man is of a character so infamous that he will stick at no falsehood, or hesitate at no crime, to attain his ends. He poisons the mind of the Court against the English minister, represents the conduct of Great Britain in the most odious and atrocious light, and is unhappily backed by a minister whose ignorance and necessities are as notorious as his influence is fatal." On their side they would say, "M. de Tapeworm continues his system of stupid insular arrogance and vulgar falsehood against the greatest nation in the world. Yesterday he was heard to speak lightly of Her Royal Highness Madame the Duchess of Berri: on a former occasion he insulted the heroic Duke of Angoulême, and dared to insinuate that H.R.H. the Duke of Orleans was conspiring against the august throne of the lilies. His gold is prodigated in every direction which his stupid menaces fail to frighten. By one and the other, he has won over creatures of the Court here,—and, in fine, Pumpernickel will not be quiet, Germany tranquil, France respected, or Europe content, until this poisonous viper be crushed under heel:" and so on. When one side or the other had written any particularly spicy despatch, news of it was sure to ship out.

Before the winter was far advanced it is actually on record that Emmy took a night and received company with great propriety and modesty. She had a French master who complimented her upon the purity of her accent and her facility of learning; the fact is she had learned long ago, and grounded herself subsequently in the grammar so as to be able to teach it to George; and Madame Strumpff came to give her lessons in singing, which she performed so well and with such a true voice that the Major's windows, who had lodgings opposite under the Prime Minister, were always open to hear the lesson. Some of the German ladies, who are very sentimental and simple in their tastes, fell in love with her and began to call her *du* at once. These are trivial details, but they relate to happy times. The Major made himself George's tutor, and read Cæsar and mathematics with him, and they had a German master and rode out of evenings by the side of Emmy's carriage—she was always too timid, and made a dreadful outcry at the slightest disturbance on horseback. So she drove about with one of her dear German friends, and Jos asleep on the back-seat of the barouche.

He was becoming very sweet upon the Gräfinn Fanny de Butterbrod, a very gentle tender-hearted and unassuming young creature, a Canoness and Countess in her own right, but with scarcely ten pounds per year to her fortune, and Fanny for her part declared that to be Amelia's sister was the greatest delight that heaven could bestow on her, and Jos might have put a Countess's shield and coronet by the side of his own arms on his carriage and forks; when—when events occurred, and those grand fetes given upon the marriage of the Hereditary Prince of Pumpernickel with the lovely Princess Amelia of Humbourg-Schlippenschloppen took place.

At this festival the magnificence displayed was such as had not been known in the little German place since the days of the prodigal Victor XIV. All the neighbouring Princes, Princesses, and Grandees were invited to the feast. Beds rose to half-a-crown per night in Pumpernickel, and the army was exhausted in providing guards of honour for the Highnesses, Serenities, and Excellencies, who arrived from all quarters. The Princess was married by proxy, at her father's residence, by the Count de Schlüsselback. Snuff-boxes were given away in profusion (as we learned from the Court-jeweller, who sold and afterwards bought them again), and bushels of the Order of Saint Michael of Pumpernickel were sent to the nobles of the Court, while hampers of the cordons and decorations of the Wheel of St. Catherine of Schlippenschloppen were brought to ours. The French envoy got both. "He is covered with ribbons like a prize cart-horse," Tapeworm said, who was not allowed by the rules of his service to take any decorations: "Let him have the cordons; but with whom is the victory?" The fact is, it was a triumph of British diplomacy: the French party having proposed and tried their utmost to carry a marriage with a Princess of the house of Potztausend-Donnerwetter, whom, as a matter of course, we opposed.

Everybody was asked to the fêtes of the marriage. Garlands and triumphal arches were hung across the road to welcome the young bride. The great Saint Michael's Fountain ran with uncommonly sour wine, while that in the Artillery Place frothed with beer. The great waters played; and poles were put up in the park and gardens for the happy peasantry, which they might climb at their leisure, carrying off watches, silver forks, prize sausages hung with pink ribbon, &c., at the top. Georgy got one, wrenching it off, having swarmed up the pole to the delight of the spectators, and sliding down with the rapidity of a fall of water. But it was for the glory's sake merely. The boy gave the sausage to a peasant, who had very nearly seized it, and stood at the foot of the mast, blubbering, because he was unsuccessful.

At the French Chancellerie they had six more lampions in their illumination than our's had; but our transparency, which represented the young Couple advancing, and Discord flying away, with the most ludicrous likeness to the French ambassador, beat the French picture hollow; and I have no doubt got Tapeworm the advancement and the Cross of the Bath, which he subsequently attained.

Crowds of foreigners arrived for the fêtes: and of English of course. Besides the Court balls, public balls were given at the Town Hall and the Redoute, and in the former place there was a room for *trente-et-quarante* and *roulette* established, for the week of the festivities only, and by one of the great German companies from Ems or Aix-la-Chapelle. The officers or inhabitants of the town were not allowed to play at these games, but strangers, peasants, ladies were admitted, and anyone who chose to lose or win money.

That little scapegrace Georgy Osborne amongst others, whose pockets were always full of dollars, and whose relations were away at the grand festival of the Court, came to the Stadthaus' ball in company of his uncle's

courier, Mr. Kirsch, and having only peeped into a play-room at Baden Baden when he hung on Dobbin's arm, and where, of course, he was not permitted to gamble, came eagerly to this part of the entertainment, and hankered round the tables where the croupiers and the punters were at work. Women were playing; they were masked, some of them; this license was allowed in these wild times of carnival.

A woman with light hair, in a low dress, by no means so fresh as it had been, and with a black mask on, through the eyelets of which her eyes twinkled strangely, was seated at one of the roulette-tables with a card and a pin, and a couple of florins before her. As the croupier called out the colour and number, she pricked on the card with great care and regularity, and only ventured her money on the colours after the red or black had come up a certain number of times. It was strange to look at her.

But in spite of her care and assiduity she guessed wrong, and the last two florins followed each other under the croupier's rake, as he cried out with his inexorable voice, the winning colour and number. She gave a sigh, a shrug with her shoulders, which were already too much out of her gown, and dashing the pin through the card on to the table, sat thrumming it for a while. Then she looked round her, and saw Georgy's honest face staring at the scene. The little scamp! what business had he to be there?

When she saw the boy, at whose face she looked hard through her shining eyes and mask, she said, "*Monsieur n'est pas joueur.*"

"*Non, Madame,*" said the boy: but she must have known, from his accent of what country he was, for she answered him with a slight foreign tone. "You have nevare played—will you do me a littl' favor?"

"What is it?" said Georgy, blushing again. Mr. Kirsch was at work for his part at the *rouge et noir*, and did not see his young master.

"Play this for me, if you please, put it on any number, any number." And she took from her bosom a purse, and out of it a gold piece, the only coin there, and she put it into George's hand. The boy laughed, and did as he was bid.

It came up the number sure enough. There is a power that arranges that, they say, for beginners.

"Thank you," said she, pulling the money towards her; "thank you. What is your name?"

"My name 's Osborne," said Georgy, and was fingering in his own pockets for dollars, and just about to make a trial, when the Major, in his uniform, and Jos, *en Marquis*, from the Court ball, made their appearance. Other people finding the entertainment stupid, and preferring the fun at the Stadthaus, had quitted the Palace ball earlier; but it is probable the Major and Jos had gone home and found the boy's absence, for the former instantly went up to him, and taking him by the shoulder, pulled him briskly back from the place of temptation. Then, looking round the room, he saw Kirsch employed as we have said, and going up to him, asked how he dared to bring Mr. George to such a place.

"*Laissez-moi tranquille,*" said Mr. Kirsch, very much excited by play

and wine. "*Il faut s'amuser, parbleu. Je ne suis pas au service de Monsieur.*"

Seeing his condition the Major did not choose to argue with the man; but contented himself with drawing away George, and asking Jos if he would come away. He was standing close by the lady in the mask, who was playing with pretty good luck now; and looking on much interested at the game.

"Had 'nt you better come, Jos," the Major said, "with George and me?"

"I 'll stop and go home with that rascal, Kirsch," Jos said; and for the same reason of modesty, which he thought ought to be preserved before the boy, Dobbin did not care to remonstrate with Jos, but left him and walked home with Georgy.

"Did you play?" asked the Major, when they were out, and on their way home.

The boy said "No."

"Give me your word of honour as a gentleman, that you never will."

"Why?" said the boy: "It seems very good fun." And, in a very eloquent and impressive manner, the Major showed him why he should 'nt, and would have enforced his precepts by the example of Georgy's own father, had he liked to say anything that should reflect on the other's memory. When he had housed him he went to bed, and saw his light, in the little room outside of Amelia's, presently disappear. Amelia's followed half an hour afterwards. I don't know what made the Major note it so accurately.

Jos, however, remained behind over the play-table; he was no gambler, but not averse to the little excitement of the sport now and then; and he had some Napoleons chinking in the embroidered pockets of his court waistcoat. He put down one over the fair shoulder of the little gambler before him, and they won. She made a little movement to make room for him by her side, and just took the skirt of her gown from a vacant chair there.

"Come and give me good luck," she said, still in a foreign accent, quite different from that frank and perfectly English "Thank you," with which she had saluted Georgy's *coup* in her favour. The portly gentleman, looking round to see that nobody of rank observed him, sat down; he muttered—"Ah, really, well now, God bless my soul. I'm very fortunate; I'm sure to give you good fortune,"—and other words of compliment and confusion.

"Do you play much?" the foreign mask said.

"I put a Nap or two down," said Jos, with a superb air, flinging down a gold piece.

"Yes; ay nap after dinner," said the mask, archly. But Jos looking frightened, she continued, in her pretty French accent, "You do not play to win. No more do I. I play to forget, but I cannot. I cannot forget old times, Monsieur. Your little nephew is the image of his father; and you—you are not changed—but yes, you are. Every body changes every body forgets; nobody has ay heart."

"Good Ged, who is it?" asked Jos in a flutter.

"Can't you guess, Joseph Sedley?" said the little woman, in a sad voice, and undoing her mask, she looked at him. "You have forgotten me."

"Good Heavens! Mrs. Crawley!" gasped out Jos.

"Rebecca," said the other, putting her hand on his; but she followed the game still, all the time she was looking at him.

"I am stopping at the Elephant," she continued. "Ask for Madame de Raudon. I saw my dear Amelia to-day; how pretty she looked, and how happy! So do you! Everybody but me, who am wretched, Joseph Sedley." And she put her money over from the red to the black, as if by a chance movement of her hand, and while she was wiping her eyes with a pocket-handkerchief fringed with torn lace.

The red came up again, and she lost the whole of that stake. "Come away," she said. "Come with me a little—we are old friends, are we not, dear Mr. Sedley?"

And Mr. Kirsch having lost all his money by this time, followed his master out into the moonlight, where the illuminations were winking out, and the transparency over our mission was scarcely visible.

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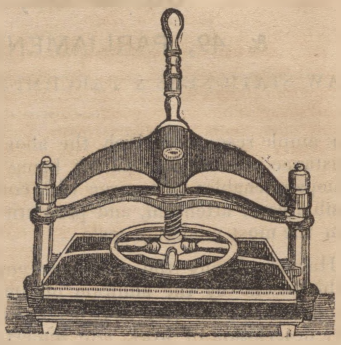

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Type paging or folioing, per quire, 4*d.*

IMPERIAL.—20½ *by* 14½.—**(Ruled to any Pattern.)**

		£	s.	d.
Bound in Rough Calf, White or Green Vellum, or Stamped Bazil, and Lettered, with or without Iron Back ..	4 q. or 368 pp.	2	16	6
	6 q. or 560 pp.	3	15	0
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Three quires or under .. .. 2*s.* per quire, extra.
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Over six quires and under eight quires .. .. 1*s.* per quire „
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*** **Parchment Books made in a superior manner, properly ruled and red-lined, for Copyhold Court Rolls, Company's Deeds, Awards, &c.**

EXTRA SUPERFINE

DRAWING PAPERS.

ORIGINAL "TURKEY MILL."

Rough or Smooth.

	Inches.	Per Quire.
Antiquarian	53 by 31	£2 14 0
Antiquarian, nd Quality	53 ,, 31	1 2 0
Double Elephant	40 ,, 27	0 12 3
Atlas	34 ,, 26	0 9 9
Colombier	34 ,, 23	0 9 9
I perial	30 ,, 22	0 6 6
Elephant	23 ,, 23	0 6 6
Super Royal	27 ,, 19	0 4 7
Royal	23 ,, 19	0 3 9
Medium	22 ,, 17	0 3 0
Demy	20 ,, 15	0 2 0

Outside Drawing Papers, 1*s.* per lb.; 80*s.* per cwt.

WHATMAN'S DRAWING CARTRIDGE

Double Elephant	40 by 27	£0 9 0
Imperial	30 ,, 22	0 6 0

SUPERFINE STRONG DRAWING CARTRIDGE.

	Quire.	Per Ream.
Cartridge 26 by 21	4*s.* 0*d.*	£3 10 0
Imperial 30 ,, 22	5 0	4 5 0
Double Elephant 40 ,, 27	7 6	6 10 0

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The largest Drawing Paper ever made: it is 4 feet 6 inches wide, and of any required length, without a joint. This paper preserves its surface against the action of Indian-rubber, and will colour as well as the best Drawing Paper. It will be found invaluable for Railway Plans and Sections, Contract Drawings, Manufacturers' Designs, &c., and is admirably adapted for Cartoons or large Water-colour Drawings.

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54 inches wide ..... per yd. run.	1	0

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2nd ditto and 1st quality, Double Elephant to Demy (inclusive), on ditto	0	6
Ditto ditto ditto, 2nd linen	0	4
Continuous Drawing Cartridge, on best linen or holland	0	6
Plans mounted on fine linen	0	4
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The following mounted drawing papers, on second linen, at 4*d.* per foot sq., are always *kept in stock*:—

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Measuring Books, ruled or plain, whole bound, made of Metallic paper, 160 pages, and fitted with pencil, 8vo.	1	1	0
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Warranted of the very best material, free from Grease, and will work with Colour, Ink, and Pencil, without sinking.

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"Messrs. Waterlow and Sons' Tracing Paper is certainly the best we have ever tried, being perfectly transparent, though sufficiently thick for all practical purposes, and perfectly free from that oiliness we generally meet with in paper of a similar description—taking the ink as readily as ordinary writing paper. It must be invaluable to all who require the use of such an article."

Inches.	Per Quire. *s.*	*d.*
30 by 20 Double Crown yellow or blue wove	3	0
30 ,, 40 Double double Crown, do.	6	0
60 ,, 40 Double double double Crown, yellow wove	13	0
30 ,, 20 Double Crown, *glazed*, yellow or blue wove	4	6
30 ,, 20 Dble. dble. Crown, do. do.....	9	0

Outsides, 30 by 40, and 30 by 20, half price.

THICK.

30 by 20 Double Crown, yellow wove	4	0
30 ,, 40 Double double Crown, ,,	8	0
60 ,, 40 Double dble. dble. Crown, ,,	17	0
30 ,, 20 Double Crown, *glazed*, ,,	5	6
30 ,, 40 Double double Crown, *do.* ,,	10	6

Black & Red Re-tracing Paper, dble. Crown 7 6

A few reams of retree of the above paper are on hand, and may be obtained at the following prices:—30 by 40, £4 per ream; 30 by 20, £2 per ream. To large consumers this paper will be found of great advantage, especially where the work for which it is required is not of the finest character. A reduction of 10 per cent will be made for any quantity exceeding 2 reams.

PATENT TRACING LINEN

Will be found valuable for permanent tracings; it is very transparent, and the texture remarkably fine.

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No. 1..18 inches wide ..... per yard	0	6
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3..36 ,, ... ,,	1	0
Tracing Cloth Paper, 38 ins. wide ,,	1	3

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This paper has been manufactured and introduced by W. & Sons, as an article admirably adapted for working drawings, field plans, &c., combining the strength of parchment with the surface of drawing paper.

Imperial ..... per quire	10	6
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Dble. Foolscap, semi-transparent, 27 by 17 ..... ,,	4	0

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HHHH. HHH. HH. H. HB. F. FS. FB. BB. BBB.	5	0
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Brookman & Langdon's best Drawing	6	0
Ditto Second ditto	3	0

SURVEYORS' MEASURING TAPES.

	s.	d.
66-Feet Railway Tapes, with Enamel Leather Case and Folding Brass Handle	13	6
66-Feet ditto, with Brass Rim	16	0
6-Feet Patent Self-acting Spring Tape Measures, in Brass Case	3	6
3-Feet do. do.	2	6
12-Feet do. do. with Spring Stop	5	0
6-Feet do. do. do.	4	0
3-Feet do. do. do.	3	0

Steel Pens.

Sample Cards forwarded on receipt of Two Postage Stamps.

Those marked * are adapted for bold writing and parchment.

	Per Gross. s.	d.
Office Pens, No. 1, white	2	0
Do. No. 2, brown serrated	2	0
Do. No. 3, ditto, straight fine	2	0
*Do. No. 4, ditto, broad	2	0
Law Pen	3	6
Raven 2-hole barrel Pen, fine	4	6
*Do. do. medium	4	6
Correspondence, for letter writing	4	6
Commercial, a first-rate pen for general use	4	6
Engrossing	4	6
Magnum Swan	10	6
Do. do. in boxes of 1 dozen, with Penholder	1	0
Eagle, of extra hardened steel	9	0
Bank, for mercantile use, highly recommended	6	0
National, for fine writing	5	0
Imitation Quill	4	6
Drawing and Mapping Pen	10	6
Do. do. on cards of 1 doz., and holder	1	0
Drawing and Mapping Pen, *extra fine*, for the finest drawings on paper or ivory, and well adapted for lithography	16	0
Do. do. on cards of 1 doz., with holder	2	0

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	Per Doz.	
Cedar Sticks, for Barrel Pens	0	4
The Patent Expanding Holder will fit any Pen, Cedar	1	0
Do. do. Ebony and German Silver	3	6
Albata Holder, Kingwood	2	0
Do. do. Ivory	5	0
Do. do. do. with Slide	7	0

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At 4*s.*, 6*s.*, 8*s* , 12*s.*, and 14*s.* per 100.
Turkey Quills, 8s.

WRITING INKS.

(Bottles included.)

	s.	d.
Office Ink per gallon	5	0
Do. packed in basket for the country	6	6
Office Ink, quarts, 2*s.*; pints, 1*s.* 3*d.*; half pints, 9*d.*; gills, 6*d.*		
Red and Blue Inks, quarts, 2*s.* 6*d.*; pints, 1*s.* 6*d.*; half pints, 1*s.*; gills, 9*d.*		
Copying Ink, quarts, 3*s.*; pints, 1*s.* 6*d.*		
Vermillion Fluid, for red-lining skins	1	0
Vermillion Powders	1	0

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	Per Ream. s.	d.
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Do. Laid	20	0
Patent White Wove, of considerable strength and durability, per quire 2*s.* 6*d.*	45	0
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The Blottings last named are the best yet introduced; they are very strong, and yet absorb the ink much more readily than the cheaper sort.

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Brown Papers, of various weights and sizes, at per cwt.	50	0
Solicitors' strong Cartridge, demy, per rm.	20	0
Do. do. royal ,,	28	0
Do. do. imperial ,,	35	0
Hand Paper, (white brown), from ,,	3	3

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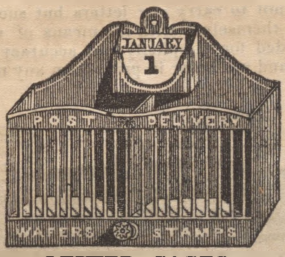
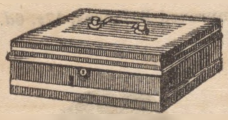
	s.	d.
Extra Superfine Wax, red or black, per lb.	5	0
Superfine do. ,,	3	4
Parcel do. ,,	2	6
Wafers, best mixed ,,	3	6
Do. patent do. ,,	4	0
Do. Vermillion Chequered, for affixing to paper deeds per box	0	6
Letter and Invoice Files or Clamps ..Fcap.	3	0
Do. do. Post 4to	2	3
Do. do. Fcap. 4to	1	9
Do. Clips each 8*d.* to	9	3
Best Office Pencils per dozen	2	6
Second do. do.	1	6
Penny do. do.	0	9
School do. do.	0	6
Office Bags, large blue, lined each	4	6
Do. small do. ,,	3	0
Do. large crimson, lined ,,	5	6
Do. small do. ,,	4	0
Boxwood Rulers, bound-brass, 42 inches long, and engraved inches each	15	0
Black Ebony Office Rules per inch	0	1½
Red Tape, 16 per dozen	1	6
Do. 24 ,,	2	3
Do. 32 ,,	3	0
Silk Ferret, green per piece	5	6
Do. do. narrow ,,	3	6
Cotton do. ,,	1	6
China Grass, do. ,,	1	6
Union Cord, do. per reel	1	0
Green Silk Tags, for files, and Bankruptcy Proceedings per dozen	3	0
Pounce Boxes, japanned, with rubber, each	1	3
Desk Knives, cocoa handles ,,	1	0
Erasers, do. ,,	1	0
Indian Rubber Bottle, prime thick, per lb.	4	6
Ditto Patent ,,	3	6
Runners, box handles each	2	0
Bodkins, ditto, with or without eyes ,,	1	0
Seal Chisels, ditto ,,	1	6
Tin Pens, for ruling Parchment ,,	0	6
Skinholders ,,	0	6
Parchment Knives ,,	0	6
Paper Pounce per lb.	3	0
Parchment ditto ,,	6	4
Solid Writing Pads, demy each	1	6
Sand Boxes ,,	1	6
Wafer Seals, ebony ,,	0	4
Indian Ink per stick, 6*d.* and	1	0
Do. octagon, sticks weighing 2 oz. each	5	0
Drawing Pins per dozen	1	6
Ivory Folders, or Paper Knives each	1	6
Outsides Writing Paper per lb.	0	8

Drawing Vellums at all prices.



LETTER CAGES, *s. d.*

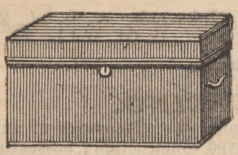
2 divisions, with drawer and date box, each 8 6
Ditto, do., without drawer & date box „ 5 0



CASH BOXES,

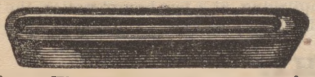
with Patent Locks, Japanned, and Gilt, with divisions for Notes, Gold, Silver, and Copper.

8 inches by 5 ..... 7*s.* 6*d.*
10 „ by 6 ..... 9 0

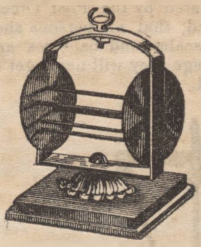


JAPANNED DEED BOXES,

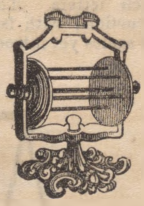
with Patent Tumbler Lock, 14 by 10 by 10..11 6
Ditto ditto 18 by 12½ by 14..18 0
Ditto ditto 24 by 16 by 17..22 0



Pen Trays, Ebony . .....each 2*s.* 6*d.*

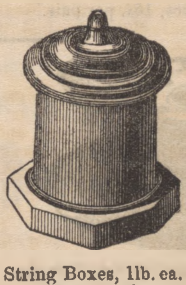


No. 1.



No. 2.

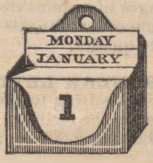
String or Tape Winders, with fixed knife, 2 sizes in each pattern, 6*s.* 6*d.* and.. 6*s.* 6*d.*



String Boxes, 1lb. ea. 6*s.* 0*d.*
Ditto ½lb. „ 3 0
Ditto ¼lb „ 2 0

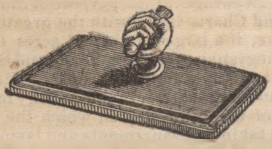
Pen Racks, Ebony, each.... 2*s.* 0*d.*

Spring Taper Stands, each 2*s.*



Japanned Date Boxes, each 2*s.* 6*d.*

PAPER WEIGHTS.



s. d.

Bronzed Paper Weight, brass fist, 4½ by 2½ 2 0
Ditto ditto 6 by 3 2 6

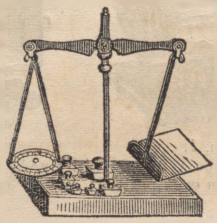
s. d.

Ditto, lion knob.....4½ by 2½ 2 0
Ditto, ditto .....6 by 3 2 6
Ditto, brass acorn knobs.....4½ by 2½ 1 0
Ditto, ditto .....6 by 3 1 6

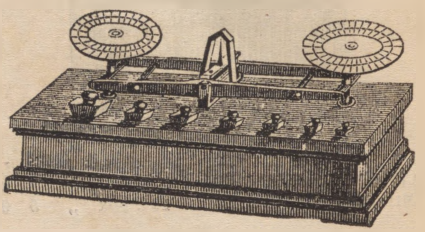
Lady's Hand Paper Weights 1 0

Bird Paper Weights each 1 0

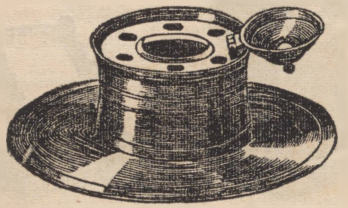
It being contemplated by the Post Office authorities not to carry any letters but such as are prepaid, it is suggested, that all persons should provide themselves with the means of weighing their letters. These scales and balances are recommended for simplicity and accuracy of construction; with fair usage they will never get out of order, and are lower in price than any machines or scales yet introduced.



Scales to weigh 16 ounces, 15*s.* per pair.'



Improved Balances, 17*s.* 6*d.*



Loggerhead Inkstands, 7*s.* 6*d.*, 6*s.* 6*d.*, & 5*s.* 6*d*

Glass Cone Inkstands, 3*s.*, 2*s.* 9*d.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, 2*s.*, 1*s.* 9*d.*, 1*s.* 6*d.*, and 1*s.* 3*d.*

LETTER-PRESS PRINTING.

FOR BOOK WORK, MAGAZINES, PERIODICALS, &c., we can offer the advantages of an extensive and varied assortment of type, and machinery of the most improved construction; possessing also the advantages of a connexion with many of the best Paper Makers in the kingdom, we are in a position to execute orders for this description of work at the lowest remunerating prices, combined with due regard to quality.

CIRCULAR LETTERS, NOTICES, &c.—The attention of applicants for public situations, or persons desiring to address a large constituency, or body of shareholders in a public company, is requested to the facilities our establishment offers for accomplishing, at a few hours' notice, the printing of 4,000 or 5,000 copies of a circular, folding same, addressing envelopes, and dispatching them.

LITHOGRAPHY.

In this department no exertions or expense have been spared in forming an establishment which should be complete in every department, not only for the production of works of the first class, but for the accomplishment of extensive orders, in the shortest space of time. In the following branches being those to which we have devoted most attention, we can with confidence urge our skill in workmanship and moderation in price:—Drawings of Machinery of every description—Architectural Drawings and Working Drawings, Plans for Contractors—Drawings for the purpose of illustrating works on Botany, Geology, Zoology, Conchology, &c.—Maps and Charts drawn with the greatest accuracy. Tithe Commutation Maps lithographed at 1½*d.* per acre, if a large number of acres of waste land a reduction would be made.—Contracts entered into for lithographing Railway Plans and Sections, for deposit or otherwise, at per mile, to include every charge, and any number of copies.—PLANS OF ESTATE FOR SALE BY AUCTION at the lowest possible price: Auctioneers, &c. in the country may have 100 copies of an ordinary Half-sheet Plan returned by Mail of the same day on which the draft is received.—A Surveyor is also engaged in the Establishment, for taking measurements and laying down plans of Ships' Cabins; the terms for this description of work will be found extremely moderate.—Share Certificates, Fac Similes, and Writings of every description.

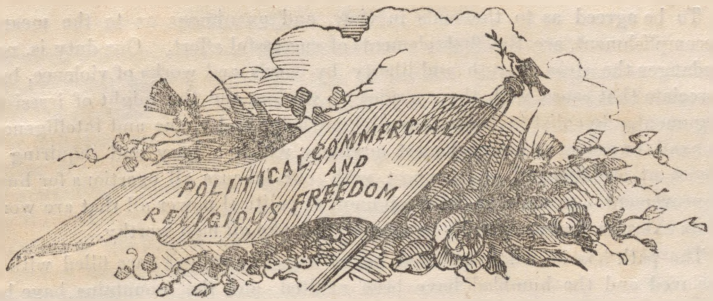
CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHY.—Show Cards, Labels, Wrappers, &c., in the first style.

PLAN DRAWING.—Plans of every description enlarged, reduced, or copied, either plain or ornamentally finished. Ornamental Writings for Votes of Thanks, &c. Tracings of every description made with expedition. Maps, Plans, and Elevations framed and glazed, or mounted on rollers.

The ORDNANCE MAPS OF ENGLAND AND WALES.

TORNOGRAPHY, or Seal Engraving by Machinery, producing more beautiful and perfect work than can possibly be attained by hand. The Letters are in high relief, upon engine-turned grounds, of various devices, and the charges are not higher than for ordinary work.

COUNTRY REMITTANCES.—It is requested that Remittances will be made either by bank post bills; bankers' drafts at short dates; or post-office orders, payable to JAMES WATERLOW AND SONS; as cash sent through the post is liable to be lost.



PROSPECTUS

OF

A NEW WEEKLY JOURNAL,

"THE STANDARD OF FREEDOM,"

THE ADVOCATE OF

POLITICAL, COMMERCIAL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY,
EQUITABLE TAXATION AND RETRENCHMENT.

NEVER was there a time which more urgently required energetic and appropriate representatives in the public press than that in which we live. If all that has been hitherto accomplished for truth and freedom and progress have found fit echoes, there is a wider field and a more peremptory necessity for that onward-encouraging voice which is to prepare the way for their future, peaceful, but vast development. We must start anew from the goal which has been already won. We must move with the tide, which is now advancing with such majestic and accelerated power. Everywhere the people are awakened —or awakening—feeling their strength—asserting their rights—establishing their liberties; and the people of this country, always first and foremost in the enduring struggle for all that honours and exalts a nation—the people of this country will be faithful to *their* noble mission.

But to prevent the aberrations of the thoughtless, and to counteract the schemes of the unworthy, a broad foundation must be laid on which the intelligent, the patriotic and the religious may raise the social edifices of reform and good government. The basis of coming legislation must be honest union and cordial co-operation between the middle classes who enjoy political privileges, and the toiling multitudes who are excluded from them. Their interests are common,—so should their action be! The complete emancipation of commerce from what remains of restriction and monopoly,—the disenthralment of religion from the fetters of the state,—the re-arrangement of our unjust and unequal taxation,—the diminution of our enormous public burthens,—the shortening of Parliaments,—the more effectual protection of the voter from undue dictation and the seductions of bribery; but above all, and as the security for all,—the great extension of the suffrage,—are alike among the demands and the necessities of the times.

To be agreed as to the ends in view, and unanimous as to the means of accomplishment, are the first elements of successful effort. Our duty is, not to endanger the cause of truth and liberty by words and works of violence, but to associate that cause with the energies of wisdom and the might of irresistible argument,—to enlist in its services all knowledge and virtue and intelligence,—to avail ourselves of every honest auxiliary which a busy and inquiring age places at our disposal,—to connect with our labours all exertions for human improvement,—to assist in the attainment of political power all that are worthy of its exercise, and as speedily as may be to make *all* men worthy.

The path has been straightened before us. The valleys once filled with the enslaved and the humbled have been exalted, and the mountains have been brought low, where feudalism erected its standard of oppression, and a priestly hierarchy unfurled its intolerant banners. From his pride of place many a usurper has been compelled to descend, while redeemed millions have entered, and are entering upon their inheritance. The influence of will upon will has been enfeebled,—that of understanding upon understanding has been strengthened. The pillars of old authority are shaking. Inquiry is busy with its work of emancipation. Hence the sharp controversies which have at the same time instructed and improved the people. Hence the creation of a sounder public judgment, and a stronger popular power; an advancing education, exhibited in the various institutions for the instruction of every class of society; a humanising philosophy demanding a reform of our penal code, and the abolition of the punishment of death; a higher morality, displayed in the great temperance movement—these and a hundred other noble purposes, characteristic of the age, have been elevating the individual, and slowly, but surely, preparing the community for important social and political changes.

As such changes are foreseen by the observing,—supported by the enlightened,—desired by the patriotic,—and necessitated by the irresistible current of events,—it is proposed to give them a new and a courageous ORGAN—one that shall represent all the good that has been effected in the past, and march with the foremost of those who demand for the future that our institutions shall harmonise with the growing knowledge and liberalism of the era, and be marked by progress,—peaceful, but efficient progress.

On Saturday, July 1, JOHN CASSELL proposes to publish the first number of a Weekly Newspaper, to be called

"THE STANDARD OF FREEDOM."

The price will be 4½d., or 4s. 9d. per quarter paid in advance. It will be printed on the largest sized paper allowed by law, exceeding the double sheet of the *Times* newspaper. Bearing the date of Saturday, it will be published on Friday evening, in time for the post, and will communicate the latest intelligence down to the hour of going to press. A Second Edition will be published on the Saturday morning for delivery in the metropolis, and to be forwarded by the morning mails of that day.

In the bold and faithful advocacy of every principle by which the freedom and happiness of society can be advanced—in the truthful and unflinching exposure of every abuse by which freedom is wronged and happiness impeded,—"THE STANDARD OF FREEDOM" will never be found wanting. Freedom—political, commercial, and religious freedom,—to these its homage will be paid, and its services devoted.

POLITICAL FREEDOM.

ADEQUATE REPRESENTATION, RETRENCHMENT, AND EQUITABLE TAXATION.

In the political field, a wide diffusion of political power—a great augmentation of the electoral body, will be insisted on as the only means for calming a growing agitation, and satisfying a justifiable discontent. While the powers of legislation are held by those who represent, not the interests of a wise economy, but of a wasteful expenditure—while the members sent by small constituencies can by their numbers annul the votes and drown the voices of those who convey the opinions of the largest electoral assemblies—while the conduct of the House of Commons demonstrates that the Reform Bill has failed to accomplish the objects it proposed, having given no adequate securities for peace, economy, or good government—while aristocratic influence has again possessed itself of the strongholds from which it appeared to have been dislodged,—there is no hope, there can be no hope for the interests, the paramount and permanent interests of the people, until these interests are really and truly and directly represented in parliament. It will be only then that the corruption and intimidation which are now polluting and controlling the whole electoral system can be checked ; it will be only then that the representative will be made responsible to his constituents, and his constituents be protected in the exercise of their rights ; it will be then alone that the extension of public benefits will bring with it the proper distribution of public burthens—that the weak will be relieved from their intolerable portion by its fair transfer to the shoulders of the strong—that effect will be given to a rigid and searching financial reform—that services will be recompensed, not according to the influence and rank of the functionary, but to the value of the duties done—in a word, that the revenues of the state will be collected on principles of equity, and disbursed on principles of economy. A nation should, indeed, dispose of the best services of its best citizens, but it should obtain them at the smallest cost.

COMMERCIAL FREEDOM.

Commercial freedom, aided by a mighty organization originating among the middle and manufacturing classes, but finally embracing the working multitudes, has begun its career of triumphs. But the territory that has been gained from restriction, prohibition, and monopoly must be maintained, and made the point of departure for other conquests. There still exist many impediments to freedom of interchange both at home and abroad. They must be removed. Many markets are inaccessible to us, whether as buyers or sellers. They must be reached. The genius of free trade is not national, it is universal. It represents the interests not of a people, but of mankind. It bears in one hand the cornucopia of prosperity, and in the other the olive-branch of peace. It will be both the duty and the delight of "THE STANDARD OF FREEDOM" to aid its progress.

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM.

As the champion of religious liberty, "THE STANDARD OF FREEDOM" will occupy high and unmistakeable ground. It will contend for the inalienable right of every human being to form, to express, to advance, every opinion which does not encroach upon the rights of others. It will claim for religion, in all her forms and complexions, more than the privilege to be heard. Her rights exist not by sufferance or toleration—they are superior to man's control. They must not be subjected to the humiliation of state interference, still less to the degradation of state patronage. The eye of the

law should see, the language of the law should recognize, no sectarian distinctions, whether of penalty or preference. The emancipation of religion from the frowns and the favours of the state should be absolute and entire. The religious conscience must be kept sacred from all intrusion, accessible only to HIM to whom alone it is responsible. Connected with the right to profess and proclaim our own religious convictions is the protection against being taxed for the support of the religious creeds of others, or of being required t conform to their observance. Than this there is no more intolerable intolera Church establishments, therefore, will be denounced as hostile to religious fr dom; and when exercising the power of levying contributions on unwilling men, as displaying civil and ecclesiastical tyranny in one of its most offensive forms. The true interests of religion—the honour and glory and spread of Christianity—will be alike served by shaking off the chains which have enthralled them.

PHILANTHROPY AND MORALS.

And not only to the great topics already enumerated will the columns of "THE STANDARD OF FREEDOM" be dedicated. While every political evil that can be removed, and every political good that can be accomplished, shall in turn pass in review, misery in all its shapes—of ignorance, intemperance, poverty, slavery, and vice—has claims upon us, and will be duly regarded.

AS A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

"THE STANDARD OF FREEDOM" will be distinguished by the copiousness and accuracy of its intelligence. It will be in every sense of the word a *Newspaper*, recording all the striking and important events that shall have transpired through the week, excluding nothing but what is calculated to minister to a morbid or worthless curiosity. With regard to its literary character, no expense will be spared to sustain it by an Editorial Staff embracing first-rate talent in every department:—in short, the most ample arrangements have been made to prevent its being surpassed by any portion of the Metropolitan Press.

AS A FAMILY PAPER

"THE STANDARD OF FREEDOM" will aim to blend the useful with the interesting. Domestic Economy, Literature and Science, Arts and Manufactures, Agriculture, Trade and Commerce, State of the Markets, will receive appropriate notice; so that it will prove, in the strict sense of the term, A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE—a Journal devoted to their social, political, and moral elevation.

In such honourable labours the co-operation will not be wanting of those who love their country and their race—those who in all the paths of reform, whether legislative or religious, are from evil pressing forward

"To good,
"And better thence again, and better still."

To them we confide our purposes—to them we look for our reward.

All Communications for "THE STANDARD OF FREEDOM" must be directed "To the Editors, 335, Strand." Post-office and money-orders must be made payable to JOHN CASSELL: to whom also Advertisements may be sent, directed as above.

Orders for "THE STANDARD OF FREEDOM" will be received by all newsvenders in town and country.

Printed by W. CATHRALL, 335, Strand, London.

Coughs and Influenza.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.

A CERTAIN REMEDY for disorders of the *Pulmonary Organs*—in Difficulty of Breathing—in Redundancy of Phlegm—in Incipient CONSUMPTION (of which COUGH is the most positive indication) they are of unerring efficacy. In ASTHMA, and in WINTER COUGH, they have *never* been known to fail.

Prepared and sold in Boxes, 1*s.* 1½*d.*, and Tins, 2*s.* 9*d.*, 4*s.* 6*d.*, and 10*s.* 6*d.* each, by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, &c., 79, St. Paul's Church-yard, London; and Retail, by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Vendors.

THESE LOZENGES CONTAIN NEITHER OPIUM NOR ANY PREPARATION OF THAT DRUG.

IMPORTANT AND RECENT TESTIMONIALS.

CURE OF COUGH AFTER ATTACK OF INFLUENZA.

Dover, 25th February, 1848.

SIR.—Please to send to Messrs. Barclay and Sons for enclosure, another dozen of your excellent Cough Lozenges. Having lately had a severe attack of Influenza attended with violent Cough for five days, preventing my lying down in bed, I made trial of your Lozenges, and am happy to say, with the blessing of God, they proved of the greatest service, and their use produced almost instantaneous relief. I give you this intelligence from a desire that others might also be led to make the trial. I hope they will experience the same result.

I remain, yours truly,

To Mr. KEATING, 79, St. Paul's Church-yard. O. HAMBROOK.

Copy of a Letter from COLONEL HAWKER, (the well-known Author on "GUNS AND SHOOTING").

Longparish House, near Whitchurch, Hants, October 21st, 1846.

SIR,—I cannot resist informing you of the extraordinary effect that I have experienced by taking only a few of your Lozenges. I had a cough for several weeks, that defied all that had been prescribed for me; and yet I got completely rid of it by taking about half a small box of your Lozenges, which I find are the only ones that relieve the cough without deranging the stomach or digestive organs.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

To Mr. KEATING, 79, St. Paul's Church-yard. P. HAWKER.

SEND EIGHT POSTAGE STAMPS,

And by return, and Post Free, you will get a handsome Tea-spoon of

WATSONS' SOLID ALBATA PLATE,

Which is rapidly superseding Silver for all domestic uses. It is equally sweet and handsome as Silver itself. This is the only SOLID substitute now sold, and, unlike plated goods of any kind, there is nothing to wear off, so that the more you rub and clean it, the better it will continue to look, though in daily use for FIFTY YEARS. Don't be afraid to put it to any test, and then send your order. A full Catalogue of Prices, with patterns of every other article manufactured from this beautiful metal, will be enclosed with the sample spoon.

Address, WATSONS', 41 and 42, Barbican, (corner of Princes Street), and 16, Norton Folgate, London.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN'S DRESSING-CASES.

MECHI, 4, Leadenhall-street, London, invites an inspection of his STOCK, which possesses peculiar advantages both in quality and price. There is a general complaint that the internal fittings of dressing-cases are often very inferior. Those who purchase at Mechi's will be sure of having everything of the best, because he has long been celebrated for the superiority of his cutlery, and has bestowed equal pains in bringing to perfection his tooth, nail, hair, and shaving-brushes, and other necessaries. In fact he considers it essential that each article in a dressing-case should be perfect in itself, so as to render the whole useful and complete. Those who desire to have particulars may obtain a catalogue, gratis. The largest assortment in London of papier-maché manufactures, and the usual stock of articles suited for presents. Mechi's peculiar steel razors 7*s.* and 10*s.* per pair. His magic strops 2*s.* 6*d.* to 6*s.* 6*d.*; paste 6*d.* and 1*s.* per cake. Cutlery ground and repaired daily on the premises.

THE GENTLEMAN'S REAL HEAD OF HAIR, OR INVISIBLE PERUKE.

The principle upon which this Peruke is made is so superior to everything yet produced, that the Manufacturer invites the honour of a visit from the Sceptic and the Connoisseur, that one may be convinced, and the other gratified, by inspecting this and other novel and beautiful specimens of the Perruqueian Art, at the Establishment of the Sole Inventor, F. BROWN, 47, FENCHURCH STREET.

F. BROWN'S INFALLIBLE MODE OF MEASURING THE HEAD.

		Inches.	Eighths.
Round the Head in manner of a fillet, leaving the Ears loose	As dotted 1 to 1.		
From the Forehead over to the poll, as deep each way as required	As dotted 2 to 2.		
From one Temple to the other, across the rise or Crown of the Head to where the Hair grows	As marked 3 to 3.		

THE CHARGE FOR THIS UNIQUE HEAD OF HAIR ONLY £1. 10*s.*

EXTRACT FROM "THE PATENT JOURNAL" OF THE 11TH OF DECEMBER, 1847.

"PATENTS RECENTLY GRANTED.—TO WILLIAM DAKIN, of NUMBER "ONE, SAINT PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, 'for Improvements in Clean- "ing and Roasting Coffee, in the Apparatus and Machinery to be used "therein; and also in the Apparatus for making Infusions and Decoctions of "Coffee.'"

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

HER MAJESTY having been graciously pleased to grant Her Royal Letters Patent to

WILLIAM DAKIN,

OF NUMBER ONE, SAINT PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, LONDON,

Under the above title, and for the purposes declared, DAKIN and COMPY. respectfully inform the Public that the extensive Engines and Machinery for carrying out the Patent are being got ready with every possible despatch; and that on their completion, the Firm will be in a position to bring this extraordinary and highly-important invention prominently before the Public—an invention which, by the adoption of a simple scientific principle, altogether supersedes every other plan introduced, developing in coffee a *richness*, *purity*, and *delicacy* of flavour, not hitherto considered as belonging to this berry.

N.B. An unforeseen cause of delay prevents the full particulars of this ingenious and valuable Patent from appearing in this Number, but the Proprietors trust that they will be enabled to publish them in the next issue of this Work.